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SPRINGHAMMER™

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REALMSPACE
by Dale "Slade" Henson



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Accessory

REALMSPACE

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INTRODUCTION

The SPELLJAMMER™ Campaign setting has created a needed connection between the different worlds of the known universe (Toril, Krynn and Oerth), with the personal campaign worlds of everyone playing the AD&D® role-playing game. The intrigue and freshness of this new campaign setting assures its continued survival.

This accessory makes the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign world accessible to characters and races throughout the universe. All the secrets of this lavish solar system are ready to unfold. Toril, the most heavily documented world in this crystal sphere, is not the only planet able to sustain life. Garden, Karpri, and Selune, to name but a few, all hold promise for adventurers brave enough to navigate the wildspace that lies between them.

Also revealed for the first time within these pages are the creatures prevalent in these dozens of astrological bodies. The sun, in its broiling fury, houses venomous creatures that no longer hide in obscurity. H'Catha, popularly known as the Beholder Planet, proves itself lethal to the unwary or foolish who set their ships upon its mist-shrouded shores.

Garden, a cluster of small asteroids that share a common atmosphere and are connected by the roots of a single gargantuan plant, is home to a pirate's haven. The legends of the human leader of this gang spans generations. This planet also is a restocking arena for the weary, hungry, and thirsty.

Realmspace, for the most part, is a standard system, but that does not mean everything can be explained logically or scientifically. In situations like H'Catha, one must keep in mind the deities of the Realms. Their infinite but quirky logic devised the magical laws that govern the reality of these planets.

Movement between these sister planets is facilitated by spelljamming technology. With the force invested by this powerful equipment, the journey from one planet to the next, even within the same crystal sphere, takes surprisingly little time. The Sphere Overview chapter explains the time needed to navigate between the main astronomical bodies of Realmspace.

Elminster has a secret place in the stars, hidden from the constant prying eyes that lurk around his every corner. Our spies, under great threat of death from the creatures and cultures of wildspace, have found it, and every detail is explained here. (Yes, we at TSR, Inc. have several pairs of prying eyes that *never* let Elminster rest.)

For all who feel that the Forgotten Realms hides no secret from your eyes: you are hereby warned. We are not responsible for the deaths of characters. Many unimaginable dangers lurk, hunch-backed and hungry, waiting for the foolish to sweep by. The ignorant high-level characters, who feel the universe holds them no tribulation, soon find themselves on the business end of a fork. The new monsters included in this booklet are both unique and deadly. Many of these, as Elminster himself says, are not for the weak or weary.

New spelljamming ships are uncovered and fully detailed here as well. These huge, powerful ships are powered by quasi-spelljamming equipment that do not gain energy from the mage characters. Their motive powers, once secret, are laid out in detail. Some of these ships are nothing more than powerhouse transports for tiny two-man jammers that attack any who pose a threat. These threats, whether real or imagined, are dealt with equally deadly force. All this and more await you and your companions once the Forgotten Realms' crystal sphere opens before you.

Each culture in Realmspace has its own motivations, and its own reasons to fight and die. You can learn these lessons the easy way or the hard way. The choice is yours. You are the only one who dictates your future. As one wise man said, "Wisdom holds no excitement, this is true; but wisdom holds no death in prematurity or wastefulness."

SPHERE OVERVIEW

Realspace is about 6,400 million miles in diameter. The shell, whether viewed from the inside or outside, looks like a perfectly flat, solid wall. The surface, somewhat bumpy and cold to the touch, is completely immune to nearly every known damage, attack or spell. Nothing known in the universe can begin to tear or crack it.

This indestructibility is a blessing for the inhabitants within the sphere. If the crystal shell were ever to be breached, the phlogiston outside would doom the planets inside. The phlogiston would cause worldwide atmospheric burning, and the sun would ignite into a fireball powerful enough to disintegrate every planet in the sphere.

Occasionally, the crystal sphere itself mysteriously opens a portal to the phlogiston. This portal allows solid bodies to pass through either way, but it does not allow phlogiston to enter and contaminate the perfect vacuum of wildspace. Portals seemingly open and close at random on the sphere. These temporary doorways can be sought by divination spells or by magical items specifically designed for that purpose. Conjunction magic can be used to open a portal wherever desired, as well. This, however, immediately closes the naturally occurring portal farthest away from the conjuring location.

Many ships have been lost in space, but it is not known whether any of these losses directly related to a naturally occurring portal being prematurely closed, thereby crushing the ship into unidentifiable particulates. A famous mage from the third world of this system said once that there are always 3,200 natural and unnatural portals open on this crystal sphere at any one time.

The sages, with the silent help of mages, have found a law that applies to all known crystal spheres. This law dictates that the size of the sphere is governed by the orbital radius of the planet farthest from the Primary Orbital Attractor. The Primary, usually the system's Sun as in Realspace, is the central astrological body in the solar system. The planet farthest from the sun in this sphere is H'Catha, which has an orbital radius of 1,600 million miles. This means that the crystal sphere must have a radius of 3,200 million miles. With a sphere this massive,

it is no wonder that its surface appears to be perfectly flat.

A feature unique to Realspace is the hundreds of millions of glyphs and wards that cover the inside lining of the crystal sphere. These printed words are hundreds of miles tall and completely illegible. If a mage of 10th level or higher performs a *read magic* spell, the lettering becomes discernible. When read, even if merely by thought, the magic stored in these writings is invoked. The writing maintains its continuous power even when read; efficiently giving it unlimited power. The magic can be of any known or unknown spell. Spells such as *wyvern watch*, *anti-magic shell*, and *blade barrier* spread themselves across the sphere, but thousands more remain possibilities as well. Mysteriously, no two spells written on the sphere are identical.

Because of the writing's incredible size, the spell effect expands itself as well. A person foolish enough to read one of these glyphs unleashes a spell at over 100 times the power and size of any normal spell. The saving throws should be the same, though, so characters have at least a slim chance of surviving.

The writing's origins remain a mystery, but it is a common belief that the Powers of Realspace placed them there to protect their sphere and to slay stupid or greedy visitors. The chance of reading a beneficial spell is about one in a thousand. Somehow, it is impossible by any means to duplicate or copy the writings onto paper.

Where the writings on the crystal shell dot, dash, and tilde themselves, the flickering of pseudo-stars shine with their everlasting light. These portals open to the quasi-elemental plane of Radiance. These radiances give the sphere's inhabitants the illusion of twinkling stars and constellations.

These portals range in diameter from only a few yards to hundreds of miles long. The different sizes give an illusion of distance in the celestial heavens. Most of the portals are large enough for spelljamming ships to pass through, but traveling through these portals is an act of suicide.

Once the ship enters the plane of Radiance, any wood, cloth, or other combustible material

SPHERE OVERVIEW

begins to burn immediately. No saving throw is allowed to counter this effect. Metallic substances melt in two rounds, and all living entities must make successful saving throws vs. breath weapon or die the instant they enter the plane.

Thereafter, survivors suffer 4d10 points of damage per round. Should the characters enter these portals, they can easily escape by backing out or turning around. Unfortunately, they may not survive the heat long enough to remove themselves. (The *Manual of the Planes* completely details planar traveling, for those who would like more information.)

Luckily, these portals, usually separated by thousands of miles, cannot be entered accidentally. The bright light radiating from these openings cast deep shadows on passing ships, but as long as they remain at least a hundred miles away, there is no danger to the eyes of passengers. The tremendous heat within the plane is not felt until the plane is entered.

There is no danger to the adventurer from these pseudo-stars when they breach the crystal sphere, even if a spelljamming portal opens over an existing door to the quasi-elemental plane of Radiance. The portal created by the spelljammer supersedes the planar opening, allowing safe passage over it. Once the portal closes, the planar opening once again shines with its never ending brilliance. Any inhabitant planet-side who happens to be watching the stars at that particular moment sees one of the stars wink out of existence for a few minutes.

Another feature found only in Realmspace is the group of humanoids who continually walk across the inside of the crystal sphere. These humanoids are a motley mixture of humans, elves, dwarves, halflings, orcs, and any other intelligent bipedal life form existing on the planets of this sphere. The offspring of intermixed races present themselves here as well. This group, numbering in the hundreds of thousands, align themselves in a perfectly straight line. Side by side, they walk together across the inside of the sphere in a north-south trajectory. They all possess the mark of Torm on their palms.

This group, called the Wanderers, walks con-

tinually and without interruption. Their mouths move in a rhythmic pattern that resembles chanting while their hands move in spell-like fashion. There is no way to communicate with them, and there is no way to stop their journey. In fact, they are not even in an environment containing oxygen or any other type of air. The wanderers have an Armor Class of -2 if they are attacked, and they all have 25 hit points. They save as 10th-level fighters when attacked by spells.

Legends say that the Wanderers are the souls of individuals who died performing evil deeds of horrific proportions. Their past life, or how they got there is secondary to their current purpose. It is the Wanderers who allow spelljammers to pass in and out of this crystal sphere. If these Wanderers cease to exist, so does the sphere's ability to produce portals. Their constant chanting is the catalyst by which these portals are created. Without the chanting of at least one Wanderer, the crystal sphere would close until another evil individual died in the sphere.

If this huge line of normal-sized humanoids comes into view, they are always walking in perfect formation. When a portal opens directly in the path of the Wanderers, they can actually fall out of the crystal sphere, disappearing forever into the phlogiston. Once gone, the missing Wanderers can be replaced, but the process is very slow.

Every five years or so (roughly), one person is evil enough at the time of his death to warrant this eternal servitude. These denizens of evil come from all the deities' areas of influence. When an evil character is chosen for this "honor," he is taught the Chant of the Wanderer. The chanting allows the spelljamming ships to create portals to pass through the sphere. This chanting never ceases. The souls of the Wanderers are eternally cursed to chant and walk across the sphere.

During the Time of Trouble, no spelljamming ships were able to pass through the sphere. The Powers' fall caused the loss of portal creation. During that time, the Wanderers were free of their curse, and their chanting stopped. Closed lips meant closed portals.

NAME:	The Sun
TYPE:	Spherical Fire Body
SIZE:	H
ESCAPE TIME:	24 turns
SATELLITES:	8 planetoids
DAY LENGTH:	37 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	None
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Creatures from the elemental plane of Fire

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Anadia	50 million miles 12 hours travel
Coliar	100 million miles 1 day travel
Toril	200 million miles 2 days travel
Karpri	300 million miles 3 days travel
Chandos	400 million miles 4 days travel
Glyth	1,000 million miles 10 days travel
Garden	1,200 million miles 2 days travel
H'Catha	1,600 million miles 16 days travel
Sphere	3,200 million miles 32 days travel

The Sun, as in most solar systems, is the primary orbital attractor and the exact center of the crystal sphere. All the planets of the solar system circumnavigate it in their relentless orbits. This fiery body burns with so much fury that it can maintain an unusually warm temperature within the whole crystal sphere, without damaging the planets that orbit it.

Many sages believe that crystal sphere warming is a naturally occurring phenomenon. They say that the older a system is, the warmer the sphere. If this is the case, RealmSpace is the oldest system encountered so far. This warming allows for comfortable spelljamming anywhere within the sphere.

The Sun, when safely viewed, can be seen as a seething ball of fire. Its surface is continually

spitting up solar flares, columns of fire millions of miles high.

Dotting the surface of the sun like dandelions in a field of grass are hundreds of small openings to the elemental plane of Fire. These planar doors are the entrance points from which fire elementals and fire-loving creatures come to live on this stellar object. Many of these creatures are well known, like the efreeti, firenewt, salamander, and fire minion. Other creatures, like the lavaworm and the helian, make their homes here as well. Other creatures, including those featured in the pages of the *Extra-Planar Monstrous Compendium*, may have representatives here, too.

The creatures that live on the sun have the ability to return to their native planes, but they all seem to prefer the Sun to their original location. There are a few basic theories behind this.

One theory is that the creatures prefer the "smell" of the fusion of two hydrogen molecules to the stench of their home plane. When questioned regarding this, the sages mumble something to the effect that this theory lacks proper testing. No one living has ever smelled the nuclear reaction of the sun and compared it to the burning stench of the elemental plane of Fire. Many people have entered that plane, but no one has ever successfully visited the Sun.

The remaining theory is that the creatures inhabiting the Sun are nothing more than refugees from tyrannical leadership on the elemental plane. Sages think these creatures are running from some sort of persecution from the strong, or from a faction now in control. This theory seems the most practical, because there has been a series of reports from a number of planes regarding attempts by another race to take control.

Climate: The climate of the Sun is one of eternal heat. There is no known magical item that can enable a living entity from the Prime Material plane to live here comfortably. The temperature is such that it easily overloads any protective magical spell or item within seconds, instantly killing the character (as if completely blinding him wasn't enough). Thus, there has

never been any communication between the Sun's inhabitants and the rest of the system, and it is doubtful that there ever will be.

The sun has occasional cool zones, which appear as dark splotches. These cool areas are sunspots. These locales are still well above a temperature that could be equalized by any known magical device. This makes the Sun a location that is never to be explored or exploited by any culture of this system.

It is believed that the highly intelligent races on the Sun are aware of the spelljamming capabilities of the rest of the system. There have been several reported cases of spelljamming ships made completely out of flames. There is even a documented case from an esteemed individual who reported that a ship departed from the Sun. Unfortunately, the flames of the ship died down long before the ship reached the orbit of Anadia.

Since there is only one reported case from a reliable source, it is thought that the Sun's inhabitants have no desire for this mode of transportation, or that they view spelljamming as being too unreliable. Since the elemental plane of Fire is as broad and expansive as the Prime Material plane, there is still much there that requires exploration. But then again, they may just be gaining strength for a vicious attack. Granted, this idea may be a bit romantic, but a lot of mages feel this trauma is coming. These creatures are never able to enter the phlogiston, because they would immediately explode, igniting everything within 1,000 yards of them.

Whenever any spelljamming ship gets within ten million miles of the Sun and survives, the inhabitants immediately attack with the intention of destroying the intruder. There have been many documented accounts of the helian, a creature on the Sun, throwing burning fragments of intense nuclear heat at all ships passing within range. Light is cast upon these wonderfully nasty minions in the New Monsters section of this book.

Prominent Land Features: The Sun does have certain features, but they are completely unusable to the standard character races. The

surface of this fiery body is covered with lakes of molten earth and liquid flame. The liquid flame is kept alive by the mass of, and friction created by, the sheer bulk of the sun. This causes the hydrogen atmosphere to erupt in flames that spiral out for millions of miles. The helian, a very ill-tempered creature, loves to grab hold of these columns of flame and ride them out as far as possible, much like a bronco rider of the Old West on Earth. Other fire-loving races prefer to bathe quietly in the liquid flame pools.

Around the sun, in an orbit 40 million miles out, are twelve magic-dead globes known as sargassos. These 100,000-mile diameter areas effectively shut down all spelljamming, spell casting, and magical items.

The mage at the helm perceives these invisible magic-dead areas with a sickening emptiness similar to the sensation of falling off a tall cliff. A spelljamming helm and all other magical sources of power fade to one-half strength in the first round, cease on the second, and come back to one-half strength on the third. Until they exit the sargasso, neither the helm nor any other magic item can be restarted after the fourth round. On this fourth round, the helmsman immediately falls victim to spelljammer shock. There is no saving throw allowed to counter this trauma, and he remains catatonic for four days. The ship usually drifts on, until it either exits the sargasso, or strikes something that either alters its course or stops its progress.

While in the sargasso, the ship moves in a straight line, at tactical speed. This equates to 400 miles per day per point of the ship's SR rating. By the time the ship exits the sargasso, the crew may be long dead from lack of air, water, and food. Please remember that anything magical does not function while in these dead-magic spheres.

These sargassos are equidistant from one another in their circular orbits, so luckily, they are very small compared with the complete scope of the crystal sphere, and very difficult to locate. Just remember that the closest one can be as close as two spelljamming hours away from Anadia, the first planet.

PLANET NAME: Anadia
PLANET TYPE: Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE: B
ESCAPE TIME: 2 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 12 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 30 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Halflings are predominant on both poles, while the equatorial sections are riddled with umber hulks and other unique Anadian beasts.
MISCELLANEOUS: Once used as a debris storage area.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	50 million miles 12 hours travel
Coliar	50-150 million miles 0.5-1.5 days travel
Toril	150-250 million miles 1.5-2.5 days travel
Karpri	250-350 million miles 2.5-3.5 days travel
Chandos	350-450 million miles 3.5-4.5 days travel
Glyth	950-1050 million miles 9.5-10.5 days travel
Garden	1,150-1,250 million miles 11.5-12.5 days travel
H'Catha	1,550-1,650 million miles 15.5-16.5 days travel
Sphere	3,150 million miles 31.5 days travel

Climate: This planet is the closest to the Sun in the Realms' system. Much of its surface cracks into gargantuan canyons that dwarf the Great Rift on the third planet, Toril. This is because the persistent heat from Anadia's proximity to the Sun keeps the equatorial regions of the planet dry and unlivable by most humanoids' standards. This heat and lack of foliage has made this small planet the perfect home for umber hulks and many other rock-eating creatures.

There are even a few unique creatures here that find the umber hulk—and the halflings nearer to the poles—quite tasty.

Luckily for many of its other inhabitants, the planet is not completely baked and cracked. The north and south poles are home to a completely unique type of halfling, a breed that does not exist elsewhere in the known spheres. The halflings' love for the warm temperatures and high humidity of the poles makes Anadia the perfect habitat for them.

These halflings are very dark skinned, with unusually small eyes and ears. They do not have the ability to see into the infrared like other halfling races. The Sun's proximity causes an overabundance of this type of light, which would sufficiently blind them were they able to view it. On worlds farther away from the Sun, these halflings have a terrible time seeing. Their eyes, which have adjusted to the brighter light of Anadia, view these worlds as though they were in continuous dusk or night. They find this somewhat unnerving, as they prefer the brightness of the full sun.

Unique Flora: Unique to this small planet are two plants. The first is triple stemmed with tiny bluish-green leaves. Its small white flowers secrete a deadly poisonous substance when bruised. If the poisonous fluid touches the skin, a saving throw vs. poison is required; if it fails, the character falls catatonic for 10 days. If the fluid enters the stomach, ignore any saving throw. This plant is called *powderpuff*.

When this plant is dried and carefully ground into a very fine powder, it becomes an explosive, half as potent as smoke powder. Finely ground powderpuff is as dangerous to use as normal smoke powder, but the cost is only 1,750gp per 10 charges; 10 charges equal one bombard shot.

The other plant, called *crispyleaf*, is a low-growing tree or bush that sprouts several hundred small, thorn-like leaves. Each leaf, when eaten, appeases even the largest of appetites instantly. The effect lasts for one hour per leaf eaten. More than 10 leaves eaten in an hour's time causes gastric failure unless a saving throw

vs. poison is made. This gastric condition is fatal within two hours. The plant cannot be permanently substituted for a regular bulk dietary intake. If used as such, the person eating the plant eventually dies of malnutrition; a Constitution check is required every week. The plant is a gastric pain reliever, or a naturally-occurring weight loss plan. If the plant is dried, its effectiveness is halved. Only when the leaves are freshly plucked from the plant does the full effect come into play.

The polar regions are covered with rolling hills, dotted with beautiful fields and trees. The closer these lands are to the poles, the denser the trees become and the steeper the hills. The land is crisscrossed with a multitude of streams and rivers. The mountains directly on the poles receive the majority of the rainfall. This, in turn, fills the smaller streams which feed the progressively larger rivers. These major rivers flow into the lakes near the edge of the pastoral polar areas. None of this water ever reaches the equatorial regions because it evaporates too quickly due to the heat and dryness there. This has caused the umber hulks to raid the halfling encampments in search of water. Anadia's plants, located in the polar regions, are capable of producing enough oxygen for the entire planet, as well as supplying the occasional "air dip" from a passing spelljammer.

Ports of Call: The central regions of the poles are completely shaded from the Sun and from any prying eyes from above, which makes landing a spelljamming craft difficult. Both poles have several locations that accommodate this type of craft. These are where most spelljamming ships dry dock. All of the halflings are paranoid of their water supplies, so they never allow spacefaring vehicles to come into contact with their precious rivers and lakes. This aspect of halfling life on Anadia is where the similarities between the two poles end.

The Northern Polarate is governed by a loosely fitted constitutional government. This government is divided into thirteen separate counties, which make the laws that govern the people.

The polarate government makes sure that the laws passed by the counties in no way conflict with the rights divinely granted the people by their gods and the government. The counties, in turn, pass laws they feel would be beneficial to the taxpaying voters, with the polarate officials having the final say on passage. This system of government has worked here for well over three thousand years, without a single voice of opposition.

This, however, does make spelljamming landings here somewhat tricky. Out of the thirteen counties, there are only four that allow these crafts to enter their airspace. The other nine have established an air defense system, which they believe could shoot the *Spelljammer* itself out of the sky. (It is doubtful that this is true.) These nine counties have no fewer than 20 ballistae and catapults aimed at the sky for every three square miles of land they possess. This paranoia against spelljammers arose when nearly thirty percent of the southern pole's population died from a plague introduced by an infectious crew, about 200 years ago.

The halflings at the northern pole believe that humans and the other humanoid races are stupid and easily manipulated. In order to assure that the industrious Anadian does not take advantage of these "sub-halfling" races, the government subjugates these races in small reservations bordering the equatorial wastelands, and in heavily patrolled areas of the cities. The police forces assure that none of these ignorant humans are taken as prisoners or indentured slaves. Everyone knows that the intelligence of the halfling race cannot be compared with. After all, they are the premier race on Anadia. Are they not the finest race on every planet?

The Southern Polarate is governed—and that term is used loosely—by anyone who can show the upper hand at the time. This creates a constant power struggle between the largest and strongest halfling families. The chaos that ensues not only influences the laws and the ruling class, but also trickles down to other aspects of southern halfling life.

It is not uncommon for these lesser families to feud over land rights; the positioning, height,

and material of a fence; or who owns a small stagnant stream. Blood is shed every day over the seemingly insignificant, but to these chaotic halflings, nothing is considered a trifle. Anything worth fighting over is worth dying for. Often, the current ruling family, which makes its own laws when it comes into power, tries to settle feuds between the smaller families. The forces they send to police the conflict are never greeted with respect. The two families in conflict temporarily halt their battle only to fight off the police. Once this new menace has been eliminated, the fight begins anew.

In lieu of this constant quarreling, it is no wonder that a fertile wife or two, or three, are one of the most important assets a family can have. It is not unusual for these families to have well over 20 children. Sadly, these newborns are viewed only as cannon fodder as soon as they are old enough to combat the current family enemy. It is rumored that many of these halfling men end up marrying their own daughters and granddaughters if there is a shortage of men wishing to put up a dowry for them. The lack of trust from one family to the next also seems to encourage this weakening inbreeding.

This continuous battling may seem trivial to spelljamming crews who journey to Anadia, but be forewarned. When approaching the Southern Polarate, be cautious. Should a ship land here, it can expect an attack by every able-bodied halfling within running distance. These ships represent the ultimate power to these halflings. Should a family gain control of a spelljamming ship, they would relentlessly use it against any family that dared confront them—that is how the current ruling family gained control of the government. Luckily, their ship was destroyed during an attack by the Clamming Clan.

Resources/Trade: Since the Southern Polarate is in a constant state of feuding, they have no trade in progress with the spelljamming societies of the Realmspace crystal sphere. The Northern Polarate, however, is a different story. There is an abundance of plant and meat products that are grown by the clever halflings. These food products are commonly used for

trade. In addition, the halflings often trade the humans and the humanoid races from their “Idiot Reservations” as well.

Their largest imports are weapons, worked metal, and common magical items of all sorts. The weapons are used to combat the marauding umber hulks, or the occasional attack from the Southern Polarate halflings.

There is the constant threat from the neogi, who seek to secure great numbers of halflings and umber hulks to take on as slaves, to man their ships, to serve as bodyguards, and to be sold to the highest bidder. These slavers must be constantly fought, therefore resulting in an even higher importation of weaponry.

These halflings, as aryan as they are, are still able to realize that the “lowly” race of dwarves provide some of the best metal and rock workers that exist. Their skills are often purchased to build strongholds, buildings, and any other structures the halflings feel they need. Unfortunately, once the work by these dwarves is complete, they are placed with the rest of the non-halflings in reservations to keep the other halflings from exploiting them further. These reservation-held humanoids are then traded off to other spelljamming crews in return for additional import goods.

Prominent Land Features: The planet of Anadia has only one gigantic land mass which contains a few large, stream fed seas. The poles are mountainous regions, snow-capped for much of the year. These mountains are in turn surrounded by the rolling hills where the halflings make their homes. The snow melt from the jagged and rocky peaks creates the streams and rivers which pour into the seas lying close to the edge of the arid equatorial regions. All of the streams, rivers, and lakes are crystal clear; there are no salt lakes or seas. The Northern Polarate contains twice as many seas as the southern pole, but they are somewhat smaller. The peaks in the southern polar region are much smaller, however, and do not receive as much snow and rain fall as the north polarate. Both of these polar lands are dominated by the unique Anadia halflings.

The northern Polarate's six seas are named Footpond, Crystalsea, Bluewater, Frogspit, Squarelake, and Fingerwater. Between each of these seas, a 20-foot wide channel has been dug to allow fishing and trading boats to pass through. These channels are the main trading routes between the different counties. Of the 13 counties, only four allow spelljammers to land: Umberguard, Anadjin, Powderpuff, and Hairfoot. These four counties are easily spotted. Whenever passing over the planet, the lack of a barrage of ballistas and other weapons signifies that it is safe to enter there, but water landing is never allowed.

Each of the spelljamming docks contains four dry docks, which can hold up to a 100-ton ship. There is a 10% chance of another ship being present, and there is a 10% chance per day of another ship's appearing to land. The planet's relatively inexpensive water and food, and their willingness to pay "top gold" for magical items, make it a perfect place to dock for a while.

The equatorial regions of this planet consume nearly 70 percent of the Anadian land mass. Here, huge canyons, sometimes several miles deep, miles wide, and hundreds of miles long, jut into the unforgiving surface. Here the soil is dried and crusted with the petrified skeletal remains of every animal unfortunate enough to die here.

Umbur hulks, roaming in primitive tribes or bands, patrol throughout this desolate terrain, searching for food and water. Years ago, this planet was used as a "ranch" to raise umber hulks as slaves. These beasts were also used by the neogi to capture the polar halflings as well. But when these great beasts ended up stealing only water and food, leaving the halflings alone, the neogi abandoned their attempts. The neogi's slaving colonies soon fell into ruin. They remain as a decaying landmark to the evil intent of this despicable race.

Luckily for the halflings, they were able to become enough of a nuisance to the neogi for them to abandon the planet. The price for the capture and imprisonment of umber hulks and halflings was just too high to be profitable. Since that time, the umber hulks have been left to die, or to be slain and devoured by the plains-

jan and anadjin, two of the naturally occurring predators on Anadia.

If it were possible, the Southern Polarate would be mapped, to give approximate locations of water supplies and possible havens. But there are no havens on the southern polarate. There are three large seas which can be landed on, to take in water and air, but the southern halflings would soon be rowing in that direction in great numbers. A few rumors tell that the southern halflings are in possession of craft that sail beneath the sea. If this is true, even landing in the middle of one of their reservoirs would be a dangerous proposition.

Never underestimate the natural intelligence of these clever halflings. Having efficiently defeated the neogi slavers and umber hulks is credit to their ingenuity. The anadjin and plainsjan, however, are a different story altogether. These vicious predators assure the natural balance on the planet by making sure that neither the halflings nor umber hulks grow too plentiful. The anadjin and plainsjan eat umber hulks, halflings, polar grasses and leafy plants, careless neogi slavers, as well as ignorant spelljamming adventurers. A few worlds have reported the arrival of anadjin or plainsjan, with phenomenal devastation as a result.

It seems that these monsters have a certain creative style that assures their continuation as a race. Their ingenuity in becoming transplanted, and their knowledge of the balance of nature shames the human race in comparison. They have never been known to kill any animals into extinction, and they kill their own young if there is a shortage of food. Although feared for their ruthlessness, these predators have never been known to attack druids or rangers.

Important NPCs

Name: Fjord Deepskull

Occupation: Governor, Northern Polarate

STR: 13 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 10

CHA: 14 **WIS:** 18 **CON:** 9

Fjord Deepskull is the current governor of the Northern Polarate. Besides being the wisest in

Northern Anadia, he also is unusually old and wiry. He gained the governorship over 70 years ago, and has been voted back into office every five years since his original inauguration. He is concerned with the continued well being of each halfling in his scope of influence. He set up the demi-halfling reservations, because he feels that in spite of their substandard intelligence, these races have the right to exist in peace. In order to maintain that peace, he insists they be segregated from the halfling population.

He has been in space once, but he found it a stomach-churning and white-knuckle experience, and absolutely refuses all offers for joyriding. Since his first and only trip, which took about ten minutes, he has been frightened of heights.

His governmental offices are located almost directly on the north pole, and he conducts all activities from there. The capital city is located in the county of Crispyleaf, and is subsequently ruled by the laws there. Within a mile of the capital is the largest, most majestic spelljamming port in existence on Anadia. He often sits with his feet on his desk to watch the ships dock.

His once attractive face is now covered with a length of white beard which reaches his toes. Occasionally, he must clip the beard to keep from tripping on it.

Name: Dral Hammerhead

Occupation: Director, Powderpuff County

STR: 18 **INT:** 13 **DEX:** 10

CHA: 7 **WIS:** 12 **CON:** 18

Dral Hammerhead earned his name when he built his house, using only his forehead as a hammer. A friend of his, jealous when a woman fell in love with Dral and not him, made a bet that Dral couldn't build a house using only his head. The ensuing scars lowered his charisma, and he now lives in chronic bachelorhood. He has never married, nor are there any halfling women particularly waiting for him to propose.

He is the main contact in Powderpuff County for all spelljamming peoples, for he is the one who knows all the right people to perform re-

pairs. He also knows the weaponsmiths and armorers in his county.

Name: Harrison Looseleaf

Occupation: Director, Crispyleaf County

STR: 10 **INT:** 12 **DEX:** 17

CHA: 18 **WIS:** 12 **CON:** 13

The promiscuous Harrison Looseleaf is known around Crispyleaf County as a man without morals. He has been married 28 times, never having found a woman that could hold his interest for any length of time. The truth of the matter is, he has an inability to stay loyal to one woman.

He is the contact on this planet for spelljammer crew members who are looking for a little "R&R". He is all too familiar with both the finest restaurants and the dankest festhalls. A true case study in hedonism, he is the perfect contact for those with similar interests.

He has managed to remain in Crispyleaf County's director's office for two terms, but rumor has it that he is to be voted out for his third term. Everyone is tired of hearing about his newest wife or love affair.

Name: Beckner Ironjaw

Occupation: Cleftfoot Clan Leader, Current Lawmaker

STR: 10 **INT:** 12 **DEX:** 13

CHA: 14 **WIS:** 13 **CON:** 18

Beckner Ironjaw is clan leader of the Cleftfoot family. Currently he is the governmental leader of the Southern Polarate as well. He alone is responsible for all the laws that have taken effect since the last family was beaten and dragged out of office. Beckner is very hard-nosed, feeling that any dissent is grounds for immediate execution. This attitude is responsible for the second largest death toll in the Southern Polarate's history—the first being the plague 200 years ago. His continual executions have fomented a lot of anger from everyone. He's a balding man with a perverse sense of humor.

COLIAR

PLANET NAME: Coliar
PLANET TYPE: Spherical air body
PLANET SIZE: G
ESCAPE TIME: 12 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 30 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 8 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Avian humanoids, reptiles, avian life

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	100 million miles 1 day travel
Anadia	50-150 million miles 0.5-1.5 days travel
Toril	100-300 million miles 1-3 days travel
Karpri	200-400 million miles 2-4 days travel
Chandos	300-500 million miles 3-5 days travel
Glyth	900-1100 million miles 9-11 days travel
Garden	1,100-1,300 million miles 11-13 days travel
H'catha	1,500-1,700 million miles 15-17 days travel
Sphere	3,100 million miles 31 days travel

Coliar, the second planet from the sun in Realmspace, is a spherical gas giant. Because of its close proximity to the Sun, the planet is quite warm. The temperature never falls below 75 degrees except at the poles, where it can reach as low as 40 during the winter.

Inside the huge atmospheric envelope of this planet float hundreds of earth and water islands. Every 30 hours or so, they revolve around the central gravitational point of the planet, which creates day and night effects for the islands' inhabitants. (Elminster's Hideout is within this planet. See the chapter regarding Elminster for extended details on his resort sphere.)

One should not be deceived into believing that all of these islands levitate at the same altitude. Each one floats about in its own orbit.

Elminster's Hideout, for example, floats about 100 miles above the central gravitational source of the planet, while most islands lie between 50 miles and 30,000 miles from the planet's center. This phenomenon causes several "eclipses" every day for most of the islands, as higher ones pass before the Sun and cast their shadows onto the islands directly below them.

Ports of Call: Spelljamming ships can trade with the races of this planet at many locations. These ports can be seen from outside the planet's dense cloud bank. Strong, tall wooden structures pierce the top of the outermost clouds in various locations throughout the planet. If a spelljammer is careful, a slow descent alongside these protrusions leads to docking facilities hundreds of miles down. Here, trading posts have been set up by aarakocra and lizard men. No matter which spaceport a trader chooses, the descent period takes 12 turns.

There are an even number of aarakocra and lizard men outposts on this planet. When receiving tradesmen, these races can be peaceful and accommodating, but they have difficulty accepting completely rigged battle jammers—perhaps demanding that the ship depart immediately, under threat of Coliar dragon vengeance. In all, there are about 50 trading posts throughout the planet.

Resources/Trade: Coliar has little to trade with off planet cultures. The air they have is hard to sell because most ships just steal what they need. The aarakocra are known to sell gems that are said to dot the islands like sand. This myth however, is untrue; the aarakocra actually mine these baubles from inner islands where they prefer to live.

In return for gems, these avian humanoids import weapons and smoke powder. The weapons are used against the lizard men who are constantly trying to expand their territories. The aarakocra are also trying to increase their land claims as well, but they mask their quest as a holy war while viewing the lizard men as terrorists.

The lizard men, on the other hand, prefer to import spelljamming technology. They believe

that placing their eggs on these ships and shooting them closer to the Sun guarantees superior attributes for their offspring—they rent these ships from other races for the same reason. For the use of these ships, they export aarakocra meat and feathers, gems, air, and water. They realize that clean air and water is extremely vital to spelljammers, so any time a ship docks in their airspace, an air tax of five gold pieces is imposed. Water is abundant here, but is still sold for a high price.

The dragons and other avian life here do not show any interest in spelljammers, unless provoked. Dragons have been known to completely decimate ships which have panicked and attacked them, but for the most part, the avian life ignore and avoid these flying ships.

Government/Lifestyle: The lizard men have achieved a primitive communistic government on Coliar. They allow everyone to have a say in the happenings within their culture, but at the same time, they allow no one to collect great amounts of wealth. All wealth gained is evenly divided among everyone, thus keeping one lizard man from dominating another.

All spelljamming docks are owned by the “government”, which in turn is owned by all. When spelljammers are purchased or rented, everyone is allowed to place eggs on these ships. Since there are load limits, there is a constant waiting period. Everyone eventually has an equal chance at superior offspring.

The aarakocra have created a democratic government which they feel is most beneficial to their people. Whenever a new leader is to be chosen, all the citizens gather together and choose the five best candidates. Each candidate then explains to everyone, through a *horn of voices*, why she should be the one to lead her people. Once these five candidates have spoken, the population votes. This process can take several Coliar days to perform, but once a leader has been chosen, she holds office for seven years.

The aarakocra have voted only females into government office for the last 1,200 years, believing them to be more stable. Male aarakocra

are known to fly into inexplicable fits of rage whenever they feel wronged, something the females do not experience. Currently, there are over 100 separate aarakocra governments alive and well on Coliar, and all the important posts are manned by the females of the race. It is unfortunate, but many bigoted males from off-planet do not accept this facet of aarakocra life.

The dragon communities are surprisingly peaceful among their own kind. There has not been a major dragon war during Coliar's recorded history, although there have been skirmishes on occasion between rogue dragons and the rest of the population. These outsiders are dealt a quick and violent demise.

The dragons are mostly neutral, interested only in benefitting their individual family units. On occasion, a dragon turned evil shows up on the scene to terrorize the lizard men and aarakocra communities. Luckily, these are few and far between. The aarakocra have no natural protection against such attacks, making them easy targets. These evil dragons are usually eliminated by the other dragons.

The dragons' relationship with the other two major life forms on Coliar is beneficial, and they do not wish to put it in jeopardy. The dragons do, on occasion, side with either the aarakocra or the lizard men in their squabbles, having a tendency to lean toward the side from which they can gain the most wealth and power.

The dragons sometimes are able to slip some of their own eggs onto the lizard boats headed for a closer proximity to the Sun, and they are able to gain much information regarding the other world's dragons within the sphere from the aarakocra traders. This makes their continued good relationship with both groups very beneficial and important. If either are attacked by outsiders (mainly by ignorant or malevolent spelljammer crews), it is a near certainty that any dragon within earshot will show up within a few minutes to aid the defenders to the best of his ability.

All of the standard dragons can be found on Coliar, but their alignments are more neutral. For example, the Coliar black dragon has an alignment of neutral evil, as opposed to the cha-

otic evil of its off-world counterpart. This has created a completely unique relationship among the dragons on this planet, who tend to work together to guarantee their mutual wealth.

The younger dragons even care for the needs of the elder dragons, a phenomenon that all Coliar dragons are conditioned for since birth. These old dragons are commonly sought after for their insight and wisdom. They are the cornerstone for every family unit. If a disagreement arises between two families, the oldest dragons of both families meet together at a neutral place to discuss possible solutions and alternatives to battle. It is these elders who make or break a war. Their role in everyday life is very important, guaranteeing their extended life because they feel needed. Dragons on Coliar are known to live twice as long as their off planet relatives.

Once a Coliar dragon has surpassed the great wyrm stage of life, which is usually about 1,400 years, the body becomes too fragile and decrepit to use. The joints stiffen, the senses fail, and the muscles, once strong enough to slay anything alive, asphyxiate and shrivel to mere tendons and fatty tissue. At that point, a dragon gains the ability to mentally *shape air*. The dragons use this ability to basically create a new body. One can choose to place his conscience into this creation, or use it as a remote body only. Once this choice has been made, it is irrevocable.

As a remote body, the dragon can travel within the air dragon body to a distance no greater than 15,000 miles from the living husk of the original body. If the dragon chooses to allow his original form to die by transferring his mind and soul into the air dragon form, he can traverse anywhere in the universe. In the New Monsters section of this book, you can find other information regarding this unique stage of the Coliar dragon.

Another interesting aspect of Coliar dragons is that many interbreed, but these do not produce true mixtures. In the case of a black dragon mating with a blue dragon, for example, the resulting offspring is not deep purple. Instead, the baby dragon's skin is covered with black and blue splotches. The colors never mix, because the mixed breed has the genes of both dragon

kinds. The resulting dragon's breath weapon is not a combination either. The randomness of genetics take over, making it either one or the other. The dragon does gain the immunities of both breath weapons, however, because his scales contain the properties of both parents.

Prominent Land Features: Coliar is a swirling mass of air with occasional cloud cover to obscure vision. The upper atmosphere is completely shrouded with a 100-mile thick cloud cover, which makes vision into the interior impossible by any visual means. Magical items such as the *crystal ball*, or scrying spells, can be used to visualize the interior. Once this exterior envelope is breached, normal vision is again possible.

Inside, the planet actually is nothing more than thousands of floating islands of land. Most of these land masses have a rough pyramidal shape—with the flat side up. There are a few planar land masses that are several yards thick, showing there is some variety in the land island shapes. If you should ever fall off the side of one of these land islands, may the gods be with you as you fall to your death. Magic items or the innate ability to fly are the only things that can save you.

These beautiful islands range in size from a mere five feet in diameter to well over 20 miles on a side. Each one of these is as unique as a snowflake. This makes it somewhat easier for spelljammers to find a specific location. Often, an aarakocra gives directions that pertains to the relative shapes of the floating islands and their positioning with other odd land islands. This type of directions, especially being in three dimensions, can be quite disconcerting to the first-time visitor to Coliar.

These land masses contain rivers, lakes, hills, grass, trees, caverns, and every other naturally occurring feature found on other planets. A very few of the uppermost islands contain extremely tall structures that pierce through the dense cloud cover of the planet, allowing them to be seen from wildspace. These structures are none other than the planet's spelljamming docks, used by traders, mercenaries, and other space-

farers to contact and trade with the sentient life forms thriving on Coliar.

The land islands are basically split into three groups of ownership, with each group owning approximately the same number of islands. Most of the land masses are to this day uninhabited or uncharted. The aarakocra and the lizard men both own approximately half of Coliar's spelljamming docks, while the dragons, who for the most part are not voraciously interested in space travel, own none of them. They have, however, a standing agreement with both the lizard men and the aarakocra to allow them to use their spelljamming ships and docking facilities whenever they should need them.

In the center of the air mass floats a very large land island, home to one of the greatest dragon terrors to ever roam the known spheres. His name, synonymous with fear and destruction, is Firebrand Flametongue. Every animal, lizard man, and aarakocra living on this planet knows to stay away from this island, for Firebrand has taken great care to ensure his continued seclusion. Large wooden signs on all four corners of his land state, "All ye who enter find naught but darkness." He seriously means it. Of everyone that is known or unknown to Firebrand, there are only two people allowed to speak with him, or even get close to his jealously guarded land. These two are Jarfange Buffeter the air dragon and Elminster the Mage. Through the centuries, these three people have gained true respect and friendship with each other.

Also relatively close to the center of the planet is a spherical globe made from a bright shiny metallic substance. It is perfectly clean, and it tends to reflect all light striking it. This perfect sphere is the hideout of the Realms-famous mage, Elminster. The globe, nearly 250 feet in diameter, exhibits a deep and constant hum that can rattle the teeth apart. This humming noise is a complete mystery to all who hear and see this confusing object. This globe slowly revolves around Firebrand Flametongue's island. Its spin causes a rainbow pattern of light to reflect off its surface occasionally, appearing to be solid. Many believe it to be impenetrable or a stupid hoax.

Rain falls periodically on Coliar. Usually any lightning strikes the highest islands, but occasionally a bolt stretches several thousand miles to hit the lower islands. This threat is the main reason the aarakocra choose to live on the lower islands. The lizard men exhibit no fear of lightning, so they inhabit most of the upper islands.

Important NPCs

Name: Alekra Donakkis

Occupation: Aarakocra Leader

STR: 15 **INT:** 16 **DEX:** 18
CHA: 10 **WIS:** 9 **CON:** 12

Alekra Donakkis is the leader of the largest aarakocra family on Coliar. Her family owns 12 spelljamming trade bases located on the southern hemisphere's eastern half. This has caused many fights between the Donakkis family and lesser families in both the aarakocra and the lizard men arenas. On occasion, the dragons have entered the fights on the side of the Donakkis, since Alekra is willing to pay for their services and allow them to use Donakkis spelljamming facilities at little or no cost. It is widely believed that she commonly hires spelljamming adventurers to kill her most prominent adversaries.

Alekra is an older female who has been married to two spouses at the same time for many years. She felt that since she controlled so much, and her wealth was growing so quickly, she needed many offspring to be her heirs. Since aarakocra men tend to flirt extramaritally, she married two. This ensured their continued support and interest, since both knew she could just go to the other should they fail to pique her interest. This created a jealous competition between the two males which she enjoys.

Name: Schlith Darkscale

Occupation: Director, Jamm Services

STR: 19 **INT:** 15 **DEX:** 10
CHA: 13 **WIS:** 14 **CON:** 17

Schlith Darkscale, a lizard man, has been the director of spelljamming services for over 10 years. Although widely known in both lizard

man and aarakocra circles as the foremost expert in the field, he knows almost nothing about it. He thinks of spelljamming as "some sort of voodoo thing". Nevertheless, he is the main contact for spacefarers searching for a little information, adventure, or a quaint bar or restaurant. If Schlith is not around, any lizard man can be bribed to divulge his whereabouts. He purposely makes his location commonly known.

Schlith is somewhat rude. His guttural language leaves many searching for a towel or bath house, while his breath reeks of rancid milk and rotted fish. He is nonetheless a powerful entity in lizard man society. If one is considered a personal friend of his, anything can be gained without hassle. Air tax can be bypassed and water can even be purchased at a more reasonable price. Knowledge of his relative importance has caused Schlith to become haughty and extremely picky about whom he befriends. He realizes everyone wants something from him for nothing.

Nowadays, he never accepts anyone who does not have a lawful good personality. He used to accept many other alignments, but he has found that the lawful good people never take advantage of him, and they usually insist upon paying the full air tax. With friends like that, he does not feel used.

His favorite saying is, "I may be a lizard man, but I ain't stupid." Unfortunately, with his haughtiness and his insistence that only lawful good people are good enough for him, no one has befriended him in years. Even lawful good folk find him hard to deal with.

He is missing several front fangs from bar-room brawls and spelljammer joyrides that had him gritting his jaws in fear. He refuses to ride in these ships again, and in fact is afraid of speeds faster than his normal gait now.

Name: Arisai Heliwing

Occupation: Manager of Trade

STR: 12 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 15

CHA: 16 **WIS:** 15 **CON:** 9

Arisai is powerful and vicious. Her lack of conscience makes her the exception of aarakocra

females, because most are mild mannered, good individuals. It is rumored that she has had more than fifty of her adversaries killed through "accidents" merely because they questioned or opposed her will.

She has remained unmarried since the untimely death of her husband, and in the last seven years, she has found it impossible to find a mate to replace him. This is due to the aarakocran males' fear of her wrath.

Arisai has the ability to be very beautiful, but she insists upon being a vile excuse for a woman. Everything she does is meant only to increase her wealth and power. She apparently lost her children in a squabble with her husband's family when they accused her of being an unfit mother. Unfortunately, they were correct. She is as abusive to her own kin as she is with everyone else.

She owns two spelljamming docks, but the number of ships returning for a second trading mission is continually diminishing. Most trade is done by first-time dockers, who quickly find that they have made a grave error. Her dock hands rapidly remove merchandise from a ship, while conveniently losing the lading papers as well as the payment box. This delays a merchant for several months while the lost funds are tracked down. Ship crews are thus forced to purchase the extra food and water that the ship doesn't have, making them spend as much money as possible at her docks, while also increasing the air usage tax on the ship. A crew's only other alternative is to swallow their losses and escape while they still have any money left.

Many a ship has been lost due to this, either by payment default or by battle. If a ship attacks the docks in an attempt to receive the monies owed them through trade, dragons within eye or earshot come to the aid of the dock. In recent history, ship hands have discussed their plight with dragons, and the stories have all been very similar. Eventually, Jarfange Buffeter will be brought into the mess to decide what should be done. Until this event happens, nothing is expected to change.

Arisai has personally captured many ships, which she is currently stockpiling. Her ultimate

plan for these ships is unknown. It is believed that she either plans to mount an attack on her hated enemies, the lizard men, or that she is readying the ships for an escape when aarakocra officials or Jarfange Buffeter come to solve the situation. Either way, she is a powerful and deadly force to be reckoned with. She has many followers, which follow both from fear and from awe.

Name: Firebrand Flametongue

Occupation: Ex-mercenary

STR: 19 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 17

CHA: 18 **WIS:** 20 **CON:** 21

Firebrand Flametongue is an 1,100-year old red dragon who used to hire himself out as a mercenary when he personally couldn't think of something destructive to do. His name once struck fear in every man's heart, and is now one woven into Torilian legends. He is believed to have been killed by Elminster of Shadowdale, who never admits or denies the accusations. Firebrand actually resides on a floating land island which lies in the core of the Coliar gravity well. In his aging years, he has found peace and contentment in solitude. In all the friends and enemies he had throughout his youth, there is only one man and one other dragon in whom he sees and respects. That man is none other than Elminster himself, while the dragon is Jarfange Buffeter. Centuries before found Elminster and Firebrand at odds, fighting on opposite sides. Their mutual longevity soon struck respect in them—or at least a hated respect. When Firebrand performed a rather tedious and almost fatal job, he decided it was time to move toward retirement.

He flew straight to the mage Elminster's house in Shadowdale, Toril. After much talking, smoking of pipes, and negotiating, Elminster and Firebrand finally struck an agreement, sealed with spit. Elminster's part of the bargain demanded that he find a place for Firebrand to live out the rest of his days in peace, and Firebrand in turn would no longer terrorize the fine people of Toril.

Elminster then *teleported* Firebrand into the center of Coliar where he remains to this day. A

few months thereafter, Elminster created his own hideout in Coliar. Here he can keep a constant watch on his former enemy, and at the same time escape from the constant haggling of the people he knows and loves. Firebrand's retirement took place well over 300 years ago. Since that time, the two have become very close friends. An odd couple—a dragon with both red and copper dragon blood, and a very odd and very old human—but good friends nonetheless.

Except in legend and old elven tales, the world of Toril has all but forgotten the greatest menace to ever trot the ground or fly the bright, blue skies. On Coliar, that menace just sits, all alone in a world filled with his own kind. The Coliar-born dragons view him as an outcast because of his strong beliefs and emotions: beliefs he would die for, emotions he lives for. If provoked, Firebrand Flametongue does not hesitate to eliminate his opponent as quickly and efficiently as possible.

He does not believe in doing a job haphazardly. That is why he lived as long as he did on Toril, and in his last years, he wishes only to be left alone. He has no stomach for the insane human adventurer who seeks to spill his blood for the cause of dead and buried transgressions. Nor does Firebrand believe in honor—in all his years, he has seen only one human whom he thought showed any possession of it, so he believes it to be quite dead.

TORIL

PLANET NAME: Toril
PLANET TYPE: Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE: E
ESCAPE TIME: 4 turns
SATELLITES: 1 moon, asteroid cluster
DAY LENGTH: 24 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 365 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Human and humanoid races most prevalent

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	200 million miles 2 days travel
Anadia	150-250 million miles 1.5-2.5 days travel
Selune	183,000 miles 7 turns travel
The Tears of Selune	183,000 miles 6 turns travel
Coliar	100-300 million miles 1-3 days travel
Karpri	100-500 million miles 1-5 days travel
Chandos	200-600 million miles 2-6 days travel
Glyth	800-1,200 million miles 8-12 days travel
Garden	1,000-1,400 million miles 10-14 days travel
H'Catha	1,400-1,800 million miles 14-18 days travel
Sphere	3,000 million miles 30 days travel

Toril is by far the most populated planet in the Realmspace sphere, besides being the most powerful and best known. The planet is inhabited by the largest variety of life as well. It has a wide range of habitats and climatic regions which support these creatures. The most prevalent sentient species in existence here is the humans, with other humanoid races following at a close second.

Toril is the third planet from the Sun. A thin cloud cover often obscures the planet from sight, but most often, every feature is clearly visible from wildspace. There are several large des-

erts which appear to support no life, but in actuality, they sustain some of the most beautiful and obscure life found in Realmspace. The terrestrial, aquatic, and avian life forms on Toril are some of the most unique, which makes this planet an absolute treasure house for zoologists, collectors, or those interested in magical creation. In fact, new plants and animals and localized variant species are being discovered constantly. It is believed that many of the species on other planets actually evolved here, but were transported to the other worlds for either study or to populate an otherwise animal-empty world.

Ports of Call: Having mostly open-minded and tolerant people, Toril boasts many ports in which spelljammers can dock. This section discusses the most prevalent locations. Granted, a spelljammer can dock nearly anywhere and conduct trade, but only a few locations fully accept or even know of the aspects of life in wildspace.

These locations no longer hold the superstitions that these adventurers contract lethal diseases while in space, or contagious curses which sent them there in the first place. A few, however, may feel threatened by the traders from above, but they are not controlled by these inane fears.

Located on the continent of the Heartland, there are two known ports of call for these spacefaring ships. The largest port is Waterdeep, the city of the north. Here, spelljammers are welcomed and even embraced. A strictly enforced law requires all spelljamming ships to touch down onto the ocean's surface miles away from the city and actually sail into port to lessen the possibilities of mass-panic.

This law limits many ships from being able to land. The government realizes that this flaw in the legal system could affect the city's economic growth possibilities, but they do not care. All who disobey this law are abruptly and harshly arrested, fined, jailed, and indentured for no less than 12 years. The Waterdeep officials are very strict with this law. No matter how important a person is, all get the same sentence.

Once docked, the crew can brag and spin

tales as they see fit. In fact, many mages and sages in the area crowd the city looking for spelljamming adventurers to drag stories out of them. When leaving, the same law applies, but this time the state is unable to catch law-breakers until they return to the city. This inability may soon be changing, because the city's officials are attempting to purchase many helms and ships to deal with this recurring problem. Their goal is to have an airborne police force within a few years. At the present rate of growth, this goal will soon be reached.

The second spelljamming port is located in Calimport, where officials insist that spelljamming ships land on water miles away from the city before heading in, just as in Waterdeep. This law is in effect, because most people in the city would prefer to buy an item that was in wildspace instead of the same item that wasn't, even if the price of the first is much more than the latter. If anyone disobeys this law, the perpetrators are usually found dead the next morning—or never found, period. The policing for this law is not done by the city itself, but by the merchants' guilds. To date, not a single merchant has ever been prosecuted for the murder or kidnapping of a spelljamming merchant who disobeyed the city entrance ordinance—the merchants are known to stick together and cover each other in these matters. If a spelljammer is ever found to be ownerless, it is sold to the highest bidder, and the money is split evenly between the city's merchant's guilds and the city government.

The continent of Kara-Tur contains the vast majority of known spelljamming ports. Countries like Shou Lung, Wa, and the Wu Pi Te Shao Mountains all contain trading ports that are open to spacefaring traders.

Shou Lung's city, Chunming, is the greatest trading post available to the wildspace trader on Toril excluding The Dock on the Wu Pi Te Shao mountains. Here, spelljamming crews are accepted and even envied by the everyday citizen. The Shou Lung leadership insists that spelljammers be flown over the city before docking in the ocean or in specially made dry docks. Spelljamming craft are never allowed to float in from the sea. If these ships are caught, they are

destroyed to the last spar. This is because these ships are in a different tax bracket than conventional trading ships. The crew can expect to pay an additional docking tax, because of the air that the ship gains when entering the planet's atmospheric envelope. This tax is usually one fen per ship tonnage. One fen is equal to a copper piece, but since the Shou Lung government is strict regarding its monetary system, the currency must first be changed into the Kara-Tur standard, at a fee of 5%, before this docking fee can be paid. Crews can expect to be followed by a few on-the-edge revenue agents until this tax is paid.

Meanwhile, the ship is quarantined by several ninja, monk, and kensai agents. Monetary change stations litter the docks at Chunming. After all trading and bartering is completed, spelljammer crew members are not allowed to remove Shou Lung currency from the country. Offenders of this law are often hunted down by Shou Lung dragon ships and properly dealt with—this means either complete decimation of the offending ship and her crew, or the total loss of all monetary and trade good assets.

In the country of Wa, in the city of Iiso, lies a medium-sized spelljamming port that is somewhat unknown. The country takes great care in hiding its identity in space, because its involvement there is quite chaotic. It has, in the last several decades, designed and built its own extremely potent battle fleet. These large battlejammers are known as Tsunami, while the smaller ships they manufacture are called the Locusts.

The locusts are carried within the hull of the tsunami, being released only for espionage or survey missions, or during times of battle. The government of Wa is worried about the Shou Lung and the elven presence in space, fearing that these two groups are doing nothing but advancing their own profit, while limiting those of others—mainly theirs. The tsunami were created to limit Shou and elven involvement, while increasing Wa's trade profits. Unfortunately, with their current foreign policy, they are doing nothing to increase trade with the other nations on Toril, let alone the races in space.

When a ship docks at Iiso, it is surrounded by up to 30 government agents, sent to make sure the spelljammer is not a spy ring or a group of saboteurs. There is a flat fee of 40 fen to place the spelljammer at the docks. Wildspace traders must conduct all trading directly from the ship; they are never allowed to leave its confines.

Even if a member of the crew has died, and other crew members seek burial rites, they are not allowed to exit the ship. Anyone doing so after the first warning is promptly slain by the nearest government agents. Very few people approach the docks, because they fear the harsh hand of the government. The tsunami ships dock there, and people do not want to be executed for spying by merely looking at these magnificent ships. This limits the amount of trade that the city could have with spelljamming societies.

As a rule, the government demands that spelljamming ships dock in their facilities vertically. This is merely out of curiosity. The books kept by the scholars demand knowledge of every little detail that can be seen. The things that these ships offer for sale are recorded as well.

In the middle of the largest glacial mass within the Wu Pi Te Shao mountains lies probably the strangest spelljamming port on Toril—The Dock. There are over 300 separate dry docks, for spelljamming ships of less than 300 tons. Writing of all sizes and languages is scat-

tered across the docks and cut into the glacial ice. These writings invite spelljamming ships to dock at "The only Arcane Trading Post on Toril."

When crews dock there, magical tether ropes and docking mechanisms guide the spelljamming ship into a safe and inertia-free docking position. A dock hand with two wands lit at their ends, guides the magically enchanted docking facilities. Once the docking procedures are complete, they are immediately met by a thin man carrying a worn briefcase made from the skin of some unfortunate reptilian creature. This man immediately demands the sum of one copper piece per ship tonnage as a dock maintenance tax, while asking for an additional silver for every 10 tons of ship, for the use of the planet's air. If the first tax is not paid, the ship must leave immediately. If the second tax is not paid, which is specifically called an optional tax, the ship later suffers unexplainable fire or hull damage.

Once these taxes have been paid, the crew is encouraged to bring trade material to the huge bazaar located at the center of The Dock. Unfortunately, the seller is charged an import tax on anything he removes from the ship. This tax amounts to 5% of the total worth of all items. The tax agent has a complete list of every imaginable item and its estimated worth in the briefcase, and taxes are charged according to that list. The prices are accurate, and continually up-



dated as needed. All items that are sold are also taxed. This sales tax is paid by the purchaser, and equates to an easy 10%.

Once the traders have sold all they can, they must pay an export tax of 5% before any merchandise is allowed to exit the premises. If the crew does not wish to pay this tax, items can be stored at one of the many storage companies that have taken residence at The Dock. These companies, under the direct supervision of the Arcane, charge one copper piece per cubic yard of storage space per month. If the rent payment is even one day late, the items stored mysteriously disappear. Storage unit rents can be paid months or even years in advance.

When the crew is ready to depart the facilities of The Dock, they are charged one silver for every day their ship spent in the docks. This rental fee pays for the policing of the area, the tax agent wages, and other miscellaneous expenses. If this last tax cannot be afforded, the crew members lose their ship and become residents of The Dock. At that point, they must find employment; otherwise, they will be unable to afford food or housing. Despite the hatred most people have of the tax system, the services of the Arcane bring them back again and again.

Resources/Trade: Every major spelljamming port on Toril has its own version of "valuable." In Waterdeep, the introduction of magical items is very popular. Everyone wants an item from another world, because they are hoping it contains some immense power that is unmatched here. Waterdeep exports magic items as well, with *everfull casks* being the biggest seller. Food products and clean water are necessities for spelljammers, so these are readily available at a somewhat higher price than dictated in the *Player's Handbook*. Fish produce is by far the largest food commodity sold here, because of the outstanding natural deep water harbor. Because of the relationship Waterdeep has with other large cities in the Heartland, much metalwork is available, either for general purchase or by special order. Adventurers from around the world flock here to find hard coin and teeth-gritting adventure. Many of these men

and women can be "rented" by nearly any spelljamming crew for the standard prices listed in the *Player's Handbook*.

To dock at Waterdeep's expansive facilities, there is a fee of one copper piece per ten feet of keel length, for one week of docking rights. Every week, this tax must be paid again, or the ship must be moved. If it is not removed, the city guards forcibly move it to open sea, where it floats off, eventually to be captured and used by pirates or merchants.

Calimport is the largest city in Toril, but it fails to outshine Waterdeep in popularity. Many people are reluctant to go there because of its high population. Nevertheless, the city's trade prospers. The city imports many food products, including grains, fruits, and vegetables, but no meats. The dry lands of Calimshan are good for little else but grazing. Bread is expensive in Calimport, and many fruits and vegetables are simply not available to common people because of their extremely high price. Beer and wines are also imported, though trika, a sweet and potent wine made from palintri, is readily available. Trika is the most popular drink in Calimport.

The city exports magical items, exotic spices, alchemical supplies, silk, gems, and fine horses.

Wu Pi Te Shao is the name of the mountain range that separates Shou Lung from the Great Sea. There, in the middle of the largest glacial ridge, lies an Arcane base called The Dock, known for its high taxes. This obscure spot was chosen several hundred years ago by the Arcane because of its locale. By land, it is nearly impossible to get to. Within its borders, the Arcane have made available nearly everything needed or desired by the spelljammer. Major and minor helms are sometimes in abundance, as well as *rudders of propulsion* and ships.

The Dock is policed by many spacefaring races, all well paid by the Arcane. Any act initiated against the facility, the Arcane, or their guests, is met by these formidable police agents. Usually, offenders are stranded on Toril, sent out into the mountains to the west to fend for themselves. There has never been a reported survivor from this punishment.

The purchase of food is limited, because the facility does not have any arable land—only glacial ice. Most of the food available is sold by merchants who happen to be around at the time. The Arcane are known to purchase food from these traders as well, and then sell it to The Dock's visitors and residents at 10 times its normal price. Water is sold in blocks of ice. Unfrozen water can be bought at The Dock for a copper piece per glassful.

The Dock has a large indoor bazaar, where everything imaginable is sold, sometimes even at bargain prices. Occasionally, even neogi show up to purchase items of value, and to sell the slaves they have managed to kidnap.

When a spelljamming mage is looking for a crew, the most likely place for him to look is at The Dock. This is where the majority of crews are thrown together and sent into wildspace. The Dock is an invaluable place for the coin-hungry and blood-thirsty adventurer.

The spelljamming spaceport at Chunming, Kara-Tur, is beautiful. Its architecture was painstakingly perfected, while remaining extremely functional as well. Columns of wood and forged metals with embedded jade surround the structure as it extends out into the sea about 300 feet. The docks have the capacity to hold nearly 100 ships in wet dock, while holding 20 more in dry. It is said that 10 artisans died for every foot of dock created.

Chunming imports exotic foods and spices from the known spheres. Traders are also interested in magical items of all types, alchemical designs, and mages for hire. They are very willing to pay top coinage for high-level mages and priests who are willing to sell their services to the Shou Lung empire.

Usually these prices are equivalent to ten tael, or electrum per level of the spell caster per month. When casters are hired, they must sign an elaborate contract which basically puts them into indentured servitude to Shou Lung for three months or more at a time. During the span of the contract, anything that the character creates or does is the sole property of Shou Lung, although they do have the right to duplicate

copies of the original material to take with them. All duplicate material is penned down for later use by the Shou Lung empire to determine if the hired spell caster is using the newly created item or spell against his former employer, an illegal act in the contract. Any who disobey are usually killed by hired assassins. The actual killings can happen years later, because it can be difficult to locate one person in the spheres, but one should be warned. The Shou Lung empire is known for its persistence.

Chunming exports various artisan crafts which are highly valued in almost every culture. The city is known for its excellent quality jade figurines. Jade usually is a translucent green color, but also appears in red, white, bluish-green, and black. The non-green colors are usually twice as expensive as the green because of their relative rarity.

The city also makes smoke powder, paper products, and artillery available for sale, but their biggest sellers are scrolled sorcery spells and physicians' potions and powders. These arcane supplies are in high demand, because their relative simplicity makes their effectiveness that much more reliable. Many cultures have shrouded their magical arts in so much ritual and intrigue that the simplest of spells can be difficult to learn, and there still is no guarantee of effectiveness. Shou Lung spells are so simplistic that they hardly ever fail.

The city of Iiso, in the country of Wa, is a spelljamming port that very few know about, and one that very few return to. The laws here are so strict that any wrong move can cost one's life. For those who dare the dangerous, Iiso proves to be a prosperous stop in trading or adventuring routes. The largest exports that the city has are rice, cloth and textiles, fruit and vegetables, and processed meats. Sometimes, Iiso citizens who are proud of their professions bring their work directly to the docks so crews can watch as they create the product they are about to sell. Many crafted items, including baskets, eating utensils, and valuable silk clothing, are available, and the prices cannot be beat. Any item purchased in Iiso can be bought for 25% less than

the rating given in the *Player's Handbook*. Unfortunately for the seller, a hefty 40% tax is levied on anything sold.

Prominent Land Features: The world of Toril is approximately 60% water. The largest land mass is split into three separate continents. These are the Heartland, the Horselands, and Kara-Tur. The Heartland is detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® boxed set, the Horselands are covered in The Horde boxed set, while the Kara-Tur continent is contained in the Kara-Tur boxed set.

There are several other continents as well. The New World, to be detailed in the upcoming Maztica boxed set, is almost as large as the Heartland and Kara-Tur combined. It lies on the western hemisphere of the planet. Elsewhere, there are other islands large enough to be called continents, but they are not nearly as prominent as the previously mentioned land masses.

Toril has several seas. The Great Sea, Celestial Sea, Sea of Fallen Stars, the Shining Sea, and the Cold Sea, to name but a few, are very large bodies of salt water. At these locations, if spelljamming crews possess an *urn of water purification*, this water can be easily converted to pure drinking water.

The Resort: About 2,000 miles south of the Moonshae Isles lies the island nation of Nimbral. This beautiful place, known for its merchant traders, are found up and down the Sword Coast. Here at a city called Rauthaven, is a spelljamming port known as The Resort. This is a very well known place in spacefaring circles. Spelljammers are heartily welcomed here, and are encouraged to use all the facilities available in order to rest and relax.

Ships are not allowed to perform any trade whatsoever, but are encouraged to spend, spend, spend. Docking is free as long as a crew patronizes the bars, saunas, massage parlors, and other facilities available to them. If they have no plans to use the facilities, a fee of 20 gold pieces is levied against the ship. The city is literally drowning in bars and restaurants. Every imaginable taste in food is represented here—even illithid and neogi can expect to find their

favorite dishes here.

Being a peaceful people, Nimbral has made brawling an offense. Instigators are thrown in jail for the night, with a one gold piece fine. Killing someone is a capital offense. Normally, the Lanthan government would have the culprits committed to the mental institution in the middle of the island to be retaught—brainwashed—in Nimbral ways, but since most spelljammer crews are not citizens, they are merely expelled from the island resort forever. To make sure that past offenders are never allowed on the island again, customs agents carry *spectacles of true seeing* which allow them to see through all illusions, makeup jobs, and disguises within 100 feet of the wearer.

The only way onto the island is from its northern side, where the beach is lined with hundreds of docks. If a spelljammer attempts to land elsewhere on the island, the ship stops descending about two miles up. There is no magical way to get to the island. *Teleport* and other motive spells stop functioning when the destination desired is somewhere on the island. All means of transportation to Nimbral must be non-magical in nature.

Spelljamming and the Mages: In the past, the governments and mages of Toril purposely kept the secret of spelljamming away from the common folk as much as possible. Waterdeep and Calimport's openness toward the new trade has now provided this information to the common folk, and legends and rumors are spreading wildly throughout the land as a result. The mages in their selfish wisdom did not want this to occur, because they are no longer viewed as the most powerful people in Toril. The spelljammers are now viewed as more potent.

Important NPCs

Name: Elminster

Occupation: Mage

STR: 13	INT: 18	DEX: 18
CHA: 17	WIS: 18	CON: 14

Elminster is described in full in the FORGOTTEN REALMS boxed set, FR7 *Hall of*

Heroes. and the FORGOTTEN REALMS® hard-bound. The information given below is new.

Elminster, being well over four centuries old, has seen nearly everything in the known universes. Nothing has escaped his careful, astute eyes, including spelljamming technology—he is by far the most knowledgeable on Toril regarding the subject. The only problem is getting information out of him. Like most mages, he jealously guards knowledge as a warrior guards his favorite weapon.

He knows the location of every spelljamming base or dock in the sphere, but unless one is more than a mere acquaintance, that information is never addressed. In fact, most people have a harder time just trying to find Elminster. He is expert at disappearing for years at a time.

Name: Khenel Baronsun

Occupation: Sage

STR: 12 **INT:** 17 **DEX:** 14
CHA: 10 **WIS:** 18 **CON:** 15

Khenel is one of the wise men in Calimport. He gained notoriety several decades ago when he convinced the city's leaders to allow spelljammer trading companies to create a stop there. The leadership finally agreed after almost a year of discussion. The only hitch in the operation was that they must appear as normal ships, literally sailing into port, rather than flying.

This man, who makes his home close to the docks, can be found there almost every day. He is willing to help crews locate anything from laundry companies, bars, people, to whatever else the farer needs. His services cost only one silver piece per hour for a minimum of four hours.

Name: Khelben Arunsun

Occupation: Mage

STR: 14 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 16
CHA: 15 **WIS:** 16 **CON:** 16

Khelben, always working to influence trends and always looking ahead, views spelljamming as a major breakthrough for Toril. He would do anything to see it continue. He personally ac-

cented spelljamming to appear as a vital necessity for the continued trade-worthiness of Waterdeep. He did this mainly as a competitive venture against Calimport.

Usually, his services can be had for free, unless the person in question is evil or chaotic in alignment. He wants to see spelljamming continue, so he tends to report any illegal outworlder activity to the guilds affected so they can personally deal with it, effectively keeping such illegalities invisible from the government.

Name: An Ching Wang

Occupation: Kensai

STR: 15 **INT:** 17 **DEX:** 18
CHA: 18 **WIS:** 13 **CON:** 14

An Ching Wang is not only a deadly fighter, being a 4th-level kensai, but she is also a beautiful, petite, and charming woman. She has gained knowledge of spelljamming from her father, who was injured by his most promising student. Her father was a master of the kensai for many decades, winning many awards for his style and consciousness towards the kensai code. He had planned to take his training to the stars and gain honor there as well. His prized student, also his daughter's lover, felt that his plans would dishonor the Shou Lung traditions, and disabled him during a routine training exercise.

The father trained his daughter, An Ching, in the kensai way, and she learned well. Soon after he was injured, she left home to follow her lover to Chunming where she became one of the first women to enter into the services of the emperor's guard.

She can be approached, and information that is not considered secret or damaging to the government can be purchased. She is quick to take offense at men's flirtatiousness, because she is betrothed to Yu Fu Tieh, her lover and a 12th-level samurai. He also takes offense at this, and will demand a duel to the death with anyone posing a threat to their relationship.

Selune

PLANET NAME:	Selune (Moon)
PLANET TYPE:	Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE:	D
ESCAPE TIME:	3 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	30 days
YEAR LENGTH:	30 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Mostly Elves and Humans

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	200 million miles 2 days travel
Anadia	150-250 million miles 1.5-2.5 days travel
Coliar	100-300 million miles 1-3 days travel
Toril	183,000 miles 7 turns travel
The Tears of Selune	183,000 miles 5 turns travel
Karpri	100-500 million miles 1-5 days travel
Chandos	200-600 million miles 2-6 days travel
Glyth	800-1,200 million miles 8-12 days travel
Garden	1,000-1,400 million miles 10-14 days travel
H'Catha	1,400-1,800 million miles 14-18 days travel
Sphere	3,000 million miles 30 days travel

Selune is Toril's only natural satellite. Only one side of the moon is ever visible to the planet. The other side, called the dark side, is never seen by Toril inhabitants. Selune revolves around Toril once every 30 days, performing the natural cycle of full moon, three-quarter, half, one-quarter, and new moon, and back again. With the positioning of Selune's orbit, eclipses happen frequently.

Selune, surprisingly, is a relatively cool place, except for the molten mountain tops. The temperature rarely exceeds 60 degrees, while never

dropping below freezing. This temperature stability has been related to the moon's magical blanket that shrouds the side facing Toril. This magical illusion makes Selune appear to be completely uninhabited and desolate. The other side, however, is not blanketed in illusion, and its full splendor is revealed.

The people here are hedonists, demanding the best in everything. One cannot find an uncomfortable chair, a table that doesn't appeal to the eye, or an earring that doesn't shimmer in the light just so. The clothes worn express this aestheticism as well. Some people call the Selune inhabitants frivolous, foolish, and unworthy of serious consideration. This could be true for the most part, because one of the major religions on Selune is the worship of Leira, the Lady of the Mists and goddess of illusion and untruths. Refer to the FORGOTTEN REALMS® hardback for a complete rundown on this religion.

Ports of Call: Selune has several ports by which spelljamming ships can dock. All of these facilities are on the "dark side" of the moon, thus being efficiently hidden from Toril. Please note that there are absolutely no spacefaring ports on the Toril side of Selune; in fact, the government of Selune prefers that ships never approach this side.

The fifty-some ports are all located at the Leira Trading Center which is on the equatorial line in the center of the moon. From here, the Selunians cannot see Toril, but more importantly, Toril cannot see them. Selune's natives are paranoid of the planet's inhabitants, and usually look toward Toril visitors as spies. It is not uncommon for Torilian merchants and adventurers to be denied access to the rest of the moon from the Leira Trading Center.

When one first enters the docking ports of Selune, one is immediately greeted by almost a dozen dock hands hired to assist the ship into port. These are dedicated men and women, striving to assure that not a speck of paint on any ship gets scratched. Crews may be surprised when the inhabitants welcome them to Leira, and not Selune. The people feel a closer bond to

this goddess and thus named their world after her.

Crews are free to roam anywhere, except for a few designated areas. Even then, the only penalty is a polite escort to the nearest non-secret location. This applies to everyone but those who claim to be from Toril. In this case, an arrest, trial, and conviction for espionage is much more likely. People found guilty of spying are always decapitated within the hour. There is no tolerance for thieves of trade or militaristic secrets. If there is ever any doubt about the sincerity of an individual in these matters, the worst is always believed.

Resources/Trade: The people here are exceedingly aesthetic. Their only care when purchasing something is its relative comfort and beauty—which chair is the most comfortable, and which coat rack has the most appeal. Silks are a large import item here. Selune does not have the capacity to create its own, so all must be imported. The more seductive and revealing the clothing, the better.

Fine foods are a necessity—the more delicious and savory the better. These people are not afraid to pay for their luxuries, but they are not fools either. They know how to play two merchants against each other to get the best price they can. This often causes fights in the markets, to the delight of the Selunian residents.

The furniture bought must be of the brightest and best colors, and must be enjoyable to the user. (Burlap covered furniture never sells.) The magical items Selunians purchase are usually those that can be assimilated by their ever consuming passion, or they are very deadly.

These lethal magical items are purchased and hidden away deep within the moon, for the people live in fear of the day when Toril mounts a full scale assault on Selune to take it as their own.

The Selunians naturally import great quantities of art. Paintings and sculptures are all major purchase items for the average citizen, but their largest artistic import is the artisans themselves. The love for theater and music is so high that many of artisans from several worlds in

Realmspace and even from other crystal spheres gather here to entertain, paint, sculpt, and to sing and dance their way into the Selune hearts and coin purses. A great deal of money is to be had here for those talented and lucky enough to get on stage.

The Selunians may be aesthetic and frivolous, but their passions cannot be quenched. They love as deeply as they fear and hate. Nothing to them is done haphazardly, which is why many observers see a threat lying beneath that exterior dedicated to the pleasures. It is believed that the high magistrate, Her Highness Phlandra Alabaster, is readying to attack Toril. She fears that a Torilian attack is inevitable, and she would rather have Toril's lands ripped from the devastations of war instead of hers. There has been a growth in the number of internal protective service agents in recent years as well. This growth seems to parallel the paranoia the Selunians feel.

The people for the most part are pale skinned, living their lives in a world's atmosphere that softens the rays of the sun to such a point that tanning is impossible. The humans, who are about an average of six inches shorter than their Toril counterparts, live in harmony with the elves who are about six inches taller than their relatives planetside. There has never been a war in recorded history between these two races, which is a credit to their benevolence. Together, side by side, they have made the Toril satellite a very beautiful place to live and work.

The humans all have blonde or light brown hair. Their eyes are light colored as well; bright blues and greens are the normal, with the purple or lavender shades being fairly unusual. None of the inhabitants have brown, black, or any other darker eye color. Even the elves exhibit lighter shades of skin, eyes, and hair.

Unlike many worlds, this one lacks families of dwarves burrowing deep beneath its surface. Many dwarven mining conglomerates have asked the Selune government for permission to set up mining operations, but all have met with denial. Truth be known, the elves and the humans have already drilled huge caverns deep within the surface—as invasion shelters. When

Toril invades, if the Selunians are unable to fend them off, they plan to hide themselves in these manmade caverns. All school-aged children are taught the techniques of guerrilla warfare from the time they are old enough and strong enough to pull back on a bow. No manner of talking can convince the Selunians that there is no danger from Toril.

Prominent Land Features: The Selune side which continually faces Toril is shrouded in a powerful illusion. This illusion, being a gift from the goddess Leira for their unbridled worship, cannot be dispelled without a *dispel magic*, *alter reality*, or a *wish* spell cast by at least a minor god or goddess. This illusion shows the moon as being a completely uninhabited place, with craters, and lifeless valleys. The atmosphere of Selune is hidden as well. The illusion drifts about 500 feet above the surface of Selune. A *wish* spell displays the true features of Selune, but only for the character who invoked the wish. There is no other way to see its features without actually being on the surface itself.

Beneath this mask of magic lie sprawling cities, huge lakes, and seas. Majestic mountains with molten peaks lie in huge ranges which stretch from north to south. Three such mountain ranges exist, with the middle one being the tallest and the most foreboding. The tops of the highest 12 mountains are molten. The heat from the sun and the atmosphere's reflective properties combine to create this candle effect. During the Selune night, these peaks glow with such brilliance that books can be read from miles away. Toward the end of the night, which lasts 15 days, the mountaintops cool and no longer glow. During the day they heat up again, and the cycle continues.

The cities that sprawl across Selune are all connected by highly decorative streets and walkways. Many schools have taken historical field trips to older cities throughout the lands to view the artistic carvings in their streets. There are hieroglyphic writings as well as pictures. Despite centuries of traffic, these carvings are still beautiful and legible.

In the middle of the dark side of Selune—the

side that constantly faces away from Toril—lies the most beautiful building on the planet. This is the spelljamming space port. There are about 50 separate docking bays along its 300-foot tall structure. Surrounding the Leira Trading Center, dwarfed by its immense size, lie thousands of multi-colored buildings—single and multi-family lodgings, businesses, and theaters.

There are two large seas on Selune. The Northern Sea, being twice the size as the Southern Sea, is responsible for the large quantity of fish that Selune eats. Fish never see export trading tables, because of their rarity and value.

Fishing is allowed only in season, which happens to be during dusk and dawn. This twilight time not only assures good fishing, but it is also when the fish are not breeding. Any fishing during the off season is punishable by 30 days hard labor in the mining operations deep underground.

Disposition: The people on Selune want nothing personally to do with spelljamming. They think it grand that cultures across the universe have made their world a stop in their trading routes, but they want nothing to do with the discomfort of the tight quarters and the hair-raising adventure on the sail.

Their idea of fun is having a cold glass of tea with shaved ice and a small umbrella, while sitting in the warmth of the Sun.

Selunians seem aloof. Their interests today do not necessarily dictate their interests for tomorrow. They do, however maintain a constant interest in music and the arts, but like children, the attention span they possess is so short that they are always looking for something new and different.

This has created a ruthlessly cutthroat art business. If two or more artists perform the same night, the latter performer always ridicules the previous performances, accusing them of being behind the times, or that the act copied another, even if the previous acts were completely new. Many people have died from this constant badgering, for everyone needs to make a living, and when someone takes that away, the anger that ensues comes in many

forms. Sometimes these forms can explode in fits of lethal anger.

The creative people who come here to perform are well met and respected, but their professional life expectancy is usually rated in mere days or weeks. The very lucky and the very creative have been known to last for many months. These artists tend to die mysteriously at the end of their careers.

Important NPCs

Name: Phlandra Alabaster

Occupation: High Magistrate and Her Highness, Leader of the Leirans

STR: 10 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 14
CHA: 19 **WIS:** 19 **CON:** 10

Phlandra "Pearl" Alabaster is a potently beautiful elven woman. She has been the leader of her people for over 10 years. Her counsel is often sought after when her leaders need assistance in personal or business matters, advice which she always and graciously gives. She feels that "the women of any society are the one who are truly created to rule, being the only ones with true insight and vision, nor bound by illogical pride and stupidity." This saying of hers is displayed boldly in the council hall.

She has little tolerance for the whining and pleading that male residents and spacefarers subject her to day after day. But still, she sees them and listens to their begging and groveling, because occasionally, they have viable problems. All the leaders she has appointed are all females. The most they ever ask for is pregnancy and other medical time off.

Her failed marriage with a human male set her heart to steel. He, being a man unable to commit to one woman, broke her tender spirit. Soon after, he was convicted and executed for the capital crime of adultery. Since that time, she has never seen a man as one she could trust herself to. All men receive a basic -7 penalty to their reaction adjustment when dealing with Phlandra. Her hatred toward men is so overwhelming that only the truly beautiful or lawful good individual can hope to win her long-cooled heart.

Name: Icon Drowmaster

Occupation: Supervisor

STR: 18 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 12
CHA: 12 **WIS:** 16 **CON:** 14

Icon is a human male working in the Leira Trading Center. He is the only male to possess a position of relative power in all of Selune, and that title is Master Supervisor of LTC Commerce Relocation Services. He gets paid about 10% more than the dock hands, which still isn't much to speak of. He is well liked by both his workers and the other citizens of the planet.

In contrast to his name, he is not a drow elf, nor are his subordinates. In fact, he is not even an elf. He has, though, seen one ship which contained drows. That was about twelve Selune days past during the sunscape (sunscape is the Selune equivalent to night, which lasts about 15 days).

He is more than willing to convey the utmost hospitality to spelljamming races as long as they resemble humanoids of some sort—he has a strong dislike for lizard men and illithids. He allows beholder ships to dock, as long as they are there to purchase or trade.

He is a married man whose wife is somewhat of a "demanding halfling" as he calls her. All she ever does is eat everything she can find, make rude and disgusting guttural noises, and yell at her husband.

He can be easily identified by the nasty scar that runs from the nape of his neck to just below his left eye. He received this scar when he refused to allow a neogi ship to land. The ship landed anyway, and the neogi master sent his umber hulk slaves after Icon in spite.

Tears of Selune

PLANET NAME:	Tears of Selune
PLANET TYPE:	Asteroid cluster
PLANET SIZE:	A
ESCAPE TIME:	10 rounds
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	Various
YEAR LENGTH:	30 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Elves and humans mostly, with a smattering of other spacefaring races.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	200 million miles 2 days travel
Anadia	150-250 million miles 1.5-2.5 days travel
Coliar	100-300 million miles 1-3 days travel
Toril	183,000 miles 7 turns travel
Selune	100,000-183,000 miles 4-5 turns travel
Karpri	100-500 million miles 1-5 days travel
Chandos	200-600 million miles 2-6 days travel
Glyth	800-1,200 million miles 8-12 days travel
Garden	1,000-1,400 million miles 10-14 days travel
H'Catha	1,400-1,800 million miles 14-18 days travel
Sphere	3,000 million miles 30 days travel

History: The Tears of Selune one day just appeared, apparently from nowhere. The different cultures of Toril have their own versions of what happened.

Written in the Shou Lung scrolls of history, over 4,800 years back, an astronomer looking up toward Selune, mapping its surface, reported seeing many objects suddenly "pop" into existence. Tremendous tidal waves on all

of Toril's oceans commenced.

Several hours later, the same astronomer, Tu Pi Chei, reported his findings to the emperor's men. The emperor, awakened from his sleep, was very interested in this matter, and went out the next night to study the phenomenon with Tu Pi. After seeing that, indeed, a cluster of lights had appeared to the right of the moon, he had the 20 best astrologers in the country deduce its meaning.

Nearly all of the predictions involved Shou Lung's expansion inland, while a few deduced that there was to be a death in the emperor's family, and in one reported divination, the emperor himself was to become pregnant. The latter astrologer was soon put to death.

Indeed, Shou Lung did begin expansion inland shortly thereafter, and today, it is one of the largest countries in Toril. The emperor's wife also died during childbirth later that year.

The elven nation of Evermeet documented the same phenomenon about the same time as the Shou Lung, but their reaction was quite different, viewing the astronomical phenomenon as a sign from their gods. The gods, being pleased with their continued magical research and progression in their arts, gave them this sign as a gift. To them, the Tears of Selune is a source of pride.

The goblin races see the cluster of asteroids as a plot by human mages to place the world in continual light. Hating light and the life that it endows the planet, they must destroy all of the humans and possibly the elves. If these denizens of the light are not eliminated, soon hundreds of moons shall circle the planet, masking out the darkness the goblins desire so much.

Many spacefaring races believe that the Tears of Selune were created by a god who is new to the sphere. They believe that the Tears were placed to hide the whereabouts of his domain, a castle in the center of the asteroids. Many different people have tried to investigate the castle and see what it holds, but no one has ever come out alive.

Most human legends tell of a time when the goddess Selune fell in love with a handsome warrior who turned out to be a shape changing

monster bent on conquest and destruction. Using her very life essence, she created a gem that would contain the warrior and his minions until the end of time. The tears she cried were spilled, and now lie near the moon that is her namesake.

Climate: The Tears of Selune is nothing more than a cluster of asteroids which follow Selune in its orbit around Toril. Here, hundreds of asteroids slowly circle around one another. Most of the asteroids are too small to hold the atmosphere required by living and breathing beings. Several dozen, however, do have air envelopes which allows comfortable living. The unique feature of the Tears is that in their midst lies a castle, around which the asteroids seem to slowly revolve.

Ports of Call: On the asteroids that contain life, there are places dedicated to spelljammers. These areas allow ships to dock, conduct trade, set up base, or whatever the need may be.

Dragon Rock lies close to the edge of the Tears, its 10-mile surface dedicated to trade. Hundreds of ports allow ships to dock and conduct trade for a fee of one silver per ton. Cargo can be left with the owners of the asteroid and thus sold on commission should the trader not wish to dally too long. *Dragon Rock* is owned by 12 lawful good traders who are very trustworthy. This is the most active asteroid in the Tears.

The Cave is a small rock with an opening on its underside. It is located near the center of the Tears, and its surface is covered with blue-green grass-like plants. Within this large hole is the lair of the infamous *Batship*, as well as all the plunder which has yet to be sold. (Please see the New Ships section of this book for details on the *Batship*. This ship is designed to be an antagonist to the characters, not their property.) There is an 80% chance that the ship is in the cave and fully aware of the encroachment of an enemy ship. It always leaves in time to protect its lair from being spotted.

Journey's Legg is a neogi hideout, with all neogi attacks in this section of space usually made from this location. The rock is almost eight miles across, and well fortified. No fewer than ten neogi ships of varying styles are ready

to protect it. Slaves gathered from Toril or other locations are sent to Journey's Legg before they are sold off or used by the neogi.

Eye of the Sky is a beholder base, a two-mile wide rock with several hundred beholders living inside it. The asteroid is a veritable labyrinth of tunnels and caverns which serve as the home and sleeping quarters of these creatures. No one has successfully led an attack against this asteroid.

The Citadel is the center of dwarven presence in the Realm's wilderness. This pleasant rock, the first stop all dwarves make from Toril before finding their fortunes in wilderness, is where dwarves adept at the dangers of space inform the new adventurers of the things that await them. All dwarves stopping must pay a fee of three gold pieces. No other races are allowed unless accompanied by dwarves.

In the center of the Tears of Selune lies a castle. This beautifully constructed building is truly a sight to see, its spires reaching up a full hundred feet up from the ground. These spires have *continual light* spells cast upon them to keep the place lit. Its air envelope keeps the ravens that fly around it confined. The ground is covered with long, green grasses and constantly blooming bushes. There is a constant stream of water pouring from the open doorway of the castle. The water comes from an overturned *chalice of continual water*. The water pours over the ground and onto the gravity plane of the castle, where it eventually spills out into open space. Inside the castle are several dozen brown deadly puddings, wandering about looking for food. Their main diet is the ravens and grasses which live outside the castle. No sentient beings live here, nor do they wish to. The puddings love to hide in the cracks and on the ceiling when they are not hungry, so exterminating all of them is difficult.

All in all, there is a 15% chance of finding an asteroid in the Tears of Selune which is livable, while there is a 10% chance of finding one already inhabited.

Important NPCs

Name: Burnayette Skyansdanya

Occupation: *Batship* Helmsman, 21st-level Astral Mage

STR: 14 **INT:** 21 **DEX:** 19
CHA: 17 **WIS:** 17 **CON:** 13

Burnayette is—and has been—piloting the *Batship* for over 900 years. Her home crystal sphere is so far distant that it took her over 700 years to get to Realmspace. No one knows why she decided over 200 years ago to stay here. In fact, she doesn't even know. The ship she pilots was created by an unremembered mage in her home sphere.

She is a lawful good human, who has gained her great age because the ship she pilots keeps her alive by magically nourishing her and arresting her physical aging. When she *wished* herself into the *Batship's* helm, she became its prisoner, and that where she's been ever since.

Due to the incredible amount of time since

her imprisonment, she has gone insane. Unable to die and unable to do willful damage to herself, she is left without the mind she started with.

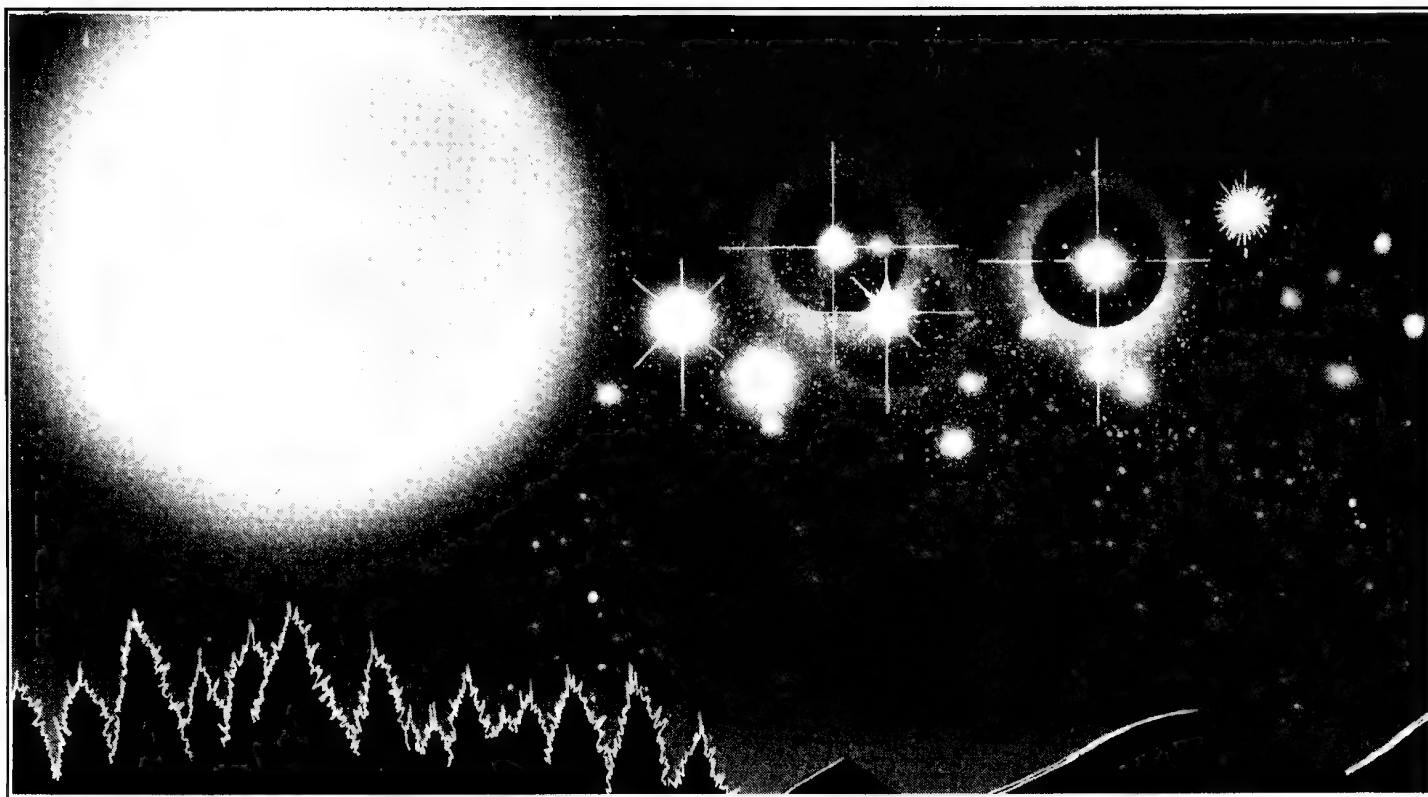
Name: Brassons

Occupation: Neogi Trader

STR: 11 **INT:** 13 **DEX:** 19
CHA: 4 **WIS:** 18 **CON:** 13

Brassons is a very unusual neogi trader, a rogue who escaped from a mindspider five years ago. He is the owner of a bar and restaurant on Dragon Rock. The bar's name is the Ocean's Wake.

He is a lawful good, magic-using neogi who can cast spells equal to those of an 8th-level priest. A devout follower of Torm, the True, he is a great well of information to all who are able to overcome the prejudice that his race arouses in the other sentient life in the sphere. He is three feet tall, very ugly, but mild mannered, especially considering that he once was a neogi slave trader.



KARPRI

PLANET NAME: Karpri
PLANET TYPE: Spherical water body
PLANET SIZE: D
ESCAPE TIME: 3 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 1 hour, 12 minutes
YEAR LENGTH: 650 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Aquatic elves, huge insects, and arctic predators.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	300 million miles 3 days travel
Anadia	250-350 million miles 2.5-3.5 days travel
Coliar	200-400 million miles 2-4 days travel
Toril	100-500 million miles 1-5 days travel
Chandos	100-700 million miles 1-7 days travel
Glyth	700-1,300 million miles 7-13 days travel
Garden	900-1,500 million miles 9-15 days travel
H'Catha	1,300-1,900 million miles 13-19 days travel
Sphere	2,900 million miles 29 days travel

Overview: This planet is a water body in the purest form, with no islands of land to speak of. The surface of Karpri can be split into three separate sections: the frigid polar region, the clear sailing area, and the equatorial sargasso.

The planet is a truly beautiful thing when viewed from space. Many an artist has sailed here to paint the sight. These paintings bring a high price on Selune, as well as in other cultures with a high regard for paintings. The Karpri sky usually is clear and bright, allowing the sun to warm the equatorial regions, raising the humidity to almost unbearable limits. This scene of unmistakable peace and beauty is what sells on Selune.

The poles are covered in a thick ice pack hun-

dreds of miles thick. Many types of predatory animals live and hunt here, some with limited intelligence. The weather is constantly bitter cold. The air is so frigid that it pulls the humidity right out of the air in the form of hard driving sleet. Even during the summer months, these polar regions never get above -10 degrees.

Many travelers who have stopped here have complained of nosebleeds and having their shoes stick to the ice, but the predacious creatures that relentlessly track them down are the biggest deterrent to stopping on this planet. Another major problem is taking off from the ice-cap once the ship has been there for a significant amount of time. When a spelljammer, coming from the relative warmth of the wildspace, lands here, the bottom of the ship temporarily melts the ice. When this melting ice freezes again, it efficiently traps the spelljammer. The only way to escape is to physically chip the ice away from the landing gear. If this is not done before the ship departs, the craft runs the risk of losing its landing gear. A saving throw vs. crushing blow is required to avoid this fate.

The creatures that make their homes near the poles are those able to withstand—or in love with—the sheer coldness this part of the planet holds: such animals as the polar bear, homonculous, cryohydra, white deadly pudding, remorhaz, ice toad, winter wolf, and yeti, as well as many more. There are even reports of a group of gnomes living somewhere on the southern polar region, eking out a miserable existence. The decimated remains of their crashed spelljammer lies directly on the pole; they still use the ship as protection, but they are also tunneling to expand their domain. They hunt the animals for food, using *torches of continual fire* to warm their caves to almost the freezing point.

The equatorial region of the planet is a huge bed of floating seaweed and kelp thick enough and large enough to support weights exceeding a few thousand pounds, while there are plants here with leaves the size of city blocks that can support a spelljamming ship weighing up to five tons. Occasionally, these large plants are used to support a damaged ship while repairs are being made. A few lighter ships that stopped for

repairs are still there, untouched and still damaged, their crews long ago eaten by the gargantuan insect life that lives among the plants. What the insects don't eat eventually ends up in the ocean, where predacious fish finish off the remains. Heavier ships that suffered similar fates have long sunk through the flora sargasso down to the core of the planet.

The insect and arachnid life here can grow to double the largest size stated in the *Monstrous Compendiums*. All the damage that they inflict is also doubled, but saving throws vs. poison or spell remain the same. The most fearsome predator on the equatorial region, besides the various breeds of giant spiders, is the gargantuan praying mantis. This beast is believed responsible for the deaths of more spelljammer crews than all other predators combined. See the New Monsters section of this book for additional information.

Living within the labyrinth of seaweed, roots, and whatever else at the equator are thousands of breeds of saltwater and ocean life. The *Monstrous Compendiums* are a wonderful source of information for these animals. Since there is a lack of soil on this planet, the water has to supply the necessary nutrients the plants need to survive. The bacteria in the water break down waste and byproducts into their basic components for assimilation by the plants, which in turn oxygenize the water and the air. Surprisingly, although Karpri supports an abundance of aquatic and semi-aquatic life, there are only a few species of winged insects. Those breeds are the dragonflies, huge horseflies, and ladybugs.

The area between the poles and the equatorial sargasso is open water so clear that a person can see for hundreds of feet down. There are no surface plants or land masses to land a spelljammer on, so the only ships that can land safely are those with the capacity to float.

Within the depths of the clear sailing zones live schools of telepathic dolphins, which speak only with the other animals living in their oceans. Their main allies are large colonies of aquatic elves who adore the dolphins. Huge whales, like the orca and the great blue, also live in these oceans, and their calm mannerisms and

graceful motions make them the most popular feature on Karpri. The value for their oil and ambergris makes them a popular hunting commodity as well. This has created an intense hatred between the aquatic elves and the non-elfen spelljamming races. Occasionally spelljammers that land in the clear sailing zones of the planet are attacked by the aquatic elves, searching for revenge. Crews are brutally slaughtered, pushed overboard, and their ship sent to the depths of the oceans.

Deep within the heart of Karpri is a group of creatures known as the eye of the deep. These fearsome beasts are nothing more than a breed of beholder adapted for life in the depths of the salty oceans. Luckily, they do not approach the surface of the oceans often, or else they would be the only creature left on the planet. These beholder-kin prefer to live in the husks of sunken spelljammers. A sage once hypothesized that there must be hundreds of ships at the bottom of the Karpri oceans.

Ports of Call: The planet has an unlimited number of places for spelljamming ships to land—but no safe places. The poles tend to be too cold for most beings, while the predators that roam the ice are a constant threat.

The aquatic elves fear that anything landing on the surface of the clear sailing zones are there only to slaughter and drag away the bodies of the great whales and dolphins that populate their seas.

The equatorial sargasso area is so completely choked with vegetation that the plant life can support the weight of a five-ton ship, but the insect life, being continually hungry, immediately swarms the landing ship looking for food.

In fact, the only group on Karpri that would enjoy seeing a spelljammer would be the gnomes on the southern pole, but they are too busy hiding from the predators of the area to notice a ship landing in their vicinity.

Resources/Trade: There are no cultures on Karpri who openly trade with spelljamming races. The gnomes on the southern ice cap are too scared to venture forth to conduct trade or contact other spelljammers, and the aquatic

elves would rather kill a person than risk the chance that he is there to hunt their oceanic friends.

The planet does, however, contain a large air envelope which is surprisingly pure. The water has the usual salt content, and an unusually high concentration of bacteria and amoeba life forms in the equatorial waters. Every drink of this water before a *purify food and drink* spell is cast, requires the character to roll a saving throw vs. poison or fall victim to an illness that gives him a -4 penalty on all saving throws, attacks, and armor class for 1d4 days. An *urn of water purification* can also be used to remove all diseases from the water.

There is a lot of animal life in Karpri, should a visitor ever go hungry. The gargantuan insects are very nutritious if one does not mind what they looked like before they ended up on his plate. There is also an abundance of salt water fish available to those who have fishing proficiency.

Satellite Features: In orbit about 150,000 miles up is a elven-made satellite which slowly revolves around the planet. It consists of seven archaic man-o-war ships welded together by the growth of their crystalline wings. The ships share the same gravity plane, and all of the weapons on them point out toward open space.

This satellite was an elven military base gen-

erations ago, but when the inhabitants were decimated by an illithid ship, it was abandoned. The air has long turned deadly, smelling of dank death. If a ship's air envelope enters the air of this old base, their air immediately turns poisonous as well.

There is a old saying which states, "He who saves us from the wars in the sky shall be granted life eternal." Those who are familiar with the mythology of the elven race tend to believe that the "wars in the sky" refer to the man-o-war ships that make up this military base. Many people have attempted to rescue the men here, but no one has ever returned from the job. Whether the man-o-wars killed them because of the deadly air envelope, or the journey there did, no one knows. So much myth surrounds the place that every known race fears to get close to it.

The elven base was created as a way to protect the newly transplanted aquatic elves far below in the oceans of Karpri. These elves were transplanted from the Trackless Sea next to the elven island of Evermeet on Toril. This was done to assure the continuation of that facet of the elven race. The Evermeet elves felt the aquatic elves were in danger of extinction from the encroachment of man.

The base would occasionally dip into the planet's air envelope to purify its air supply. This was done to maintain its continual surveillance



of the planet below. The base was designed to run in shift duty, with a shift lasting 12 years. The base managed to put in 12 shifts before the inhabitants were decimated by illithids.

When the illithids found out about the military base, they set out to discover whatever it was protecting, and to destroy it if capture was impossible. They hoped to find a great wealth of money or delicate elven brains to eat. Needless to say, they found nothing, but the elves on the military base were destroyed anyway. The last living elven fighter finally as the air ran out. Burn scars on the ships from the illithid attacks are clearly visible.

Surprisingly, the aquatic elves in the Karpri oceans remained a secret throughout the battle. No one of the base told the illithids anything, not even while being threatened with a horrible death.

The elven military base is now haunted by the ghosts of the 30 elves who died while on duty. Merely viewing these ghosts causes any humanoid being to age 10 years and flee in panic for 2d6 turns. The slightest touch from a ghost ages the character 1d4x10 years.

Ghost (30): Int Highly; AL LE; AC 0 or 8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 44; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg Age 10-40 years; SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 7,000 each.

The ghosts' purpose is to assure that the base never falls into the hands of the enemy. Unfortunately the ghosts view all non-elves as enemies. These guardians first show themselves to scare invaders off. Anyone who fails his saving throw vs. spell is likely to run back to his ship, and to try to leave the base at once, even at the cost of leaving his companions stranded behind.

Elves who approach the base are given free reign, as long as they appear to be keeping watch over the Karpri aquatic elves. If not, they are attacked as well. The ghosts are trying to make sure that their job is completed. Their job, unfortunately, will never be complete until all of the aquatic elves are removed from the planet.

Important NPCs

Name: Lotus Redcap

Occupation: Leader of the Gnome Encampment, Southern Ice Cap

STR: 13 **INT:** 18 **DEX:** 10

CHA: 12 **WIS:** 15 **CON:** 9

Lotus is the revered leader of the gnomes stranded on the southern polar cap of Karpri. She is the main reason that the gnomes have survived as long as they have. No one knows how long they have been there—even the gnomes have forgotten. They know that only there have been many deaths since their incarceration, but there have been just as many births. Lotus and her husband Danell are the ones who convinced the other gnomes to begin digging into the ice in search of food. There, they were able to find a type of algae that grows readily on the frozen wastes if there is sufficient lighting and carbon dioxide. With the use of the *torches of continual fire* they have created their main source of food. The algae they farm is bland and rubbery, but it keeps them alive.

Lotus was not voted into the position of leader, it just happened one day. She, realizing the futility of their position, decided to do something about it. When she suggested the diggings, the other gnomes laughed. It was presumed that there was no hope in finding food buried under the ice. It was just by luck, or as the gnomes see it, by divine inspiration, that they found the food supply. With the algae discovered, the gnomes immediately viewed Lotus as a source of their god's blessing. It was at this time that they unanimously appointed her leader. Her husband, being somewhat in the background, suffers from pangs of jealousy on occasion, but the love they share is still strong.

Lotus is a small round woman with deep red cheeks. She loves to wear a small red cap which rides tightly on her head. She uses it to keep her scalp warm, because the highest amount of heat that the body loses is through the head. She can cast healing spells as a priest of 7th level. She uses these spells only on behalf of her own people.

CHANDOS

PLANET NAME: Chandos
PLANET TYPE: Spherical water body
PLANET SIZE: F
ESCAPE TIME: 6 turns
SATELLITES: None
DAY LENGTH: 48 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 67 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Humans, dwarves, and orcs.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	400 million miles 4 days travel
Anadia	350-450 million miles 3.5-4.5 days travel
Coliar	300-500 million miles 3-5 days travel
Toril	200-600 million miles 2-6 days travel
Karpri	100-700 million miles 1-7 days travel
Glyth	600-1,400 million miles 6-14 days travel
Garden	800-1,600 million miles 8-16 days travel
H'Catha	1,200-2,000 million miles 12-20 days travel
Sphere	2,800 million miles 28 days travel

Overview: Chandos, the fifth planet in the Realmspace solar system, is a large water body with no moon. The water is filled with irregular chunks of rocks, laid one upon another. These rocks, when piled high enough, pierce the water level, forming irregular and unstable islands. There are several hundred of these islands in existence at all times, and these are where the human, dwarf, and orc populations make their homes.

The planetary surface is continually changing: Chandos has been compared to a box of marbles filled with water. As the planet rotates, which it does every 48 hours, the randomly shaped rocks shift. This can make complete islands disappear, caverns and tunnels can become flooded or inverted, and mountains can

be raised in a single day. All these changes makes the Chandos inhabitants nomadic. There is never a safe place when the land changes. Even the weather changes the land.

Climate: Chandos is very temperate, considering its distance from the Sun. The atmosphere lacks the ozone layer of most planets, so the full effect of the Sun's magnetic radiation is able to get through. This causes a marked temperature rise during the daytime, reaching as high as 80 degrees, while the nighttime measurement falls as low as -30 degrees.

The poles have a constant snow pack which disappears in the narrow passages between rocks. The rocks here are just as susceptible to the shifting motion of the planet as the warmer climates are.

The warmer regions of Chandos are shrouded in constant rain clouds and precipitation. Here, mosses grow into huge sentient plants that prey upon other life forms on the planet. On occasion, the clouds lift, allowing the sun to shine. This is the time when the predators of the planet are most active. This is also when the humans, dwarves, and orcs hide in any available safe place.

Ports of Call: Chandos has no spelljamming ports, so this is a planet protected from the vermin that ride the wildspace. It is believed that a spelljammer hasn't landed on Chandos for centuries. The planet can be used as an air dip should a ship's air envelope become stale, but the planet is too dangerous for a ship to land anywhere to take in water.

With the way the planet moves, a ship could be crushed at any moment, whether on land or water. In fact, it is said that the extra weight of a ship is enough to cause the ground to shift. If a spelljamming ship lands anywhere on Chandos, there is a chance that the ground shifts within 1d10 rounds in response to the extra weight. This percentage chance is equal to the tonnage of the ship. In other words, a five-ton ship has a 5% chance of causing the planet to shift at that spot, while an 80-ton ship has an 80% chance. This is why Chandos is so dangerous to visit.

Resources/Trade: The cultures on Chandos do not trade with the races from wildspace—they do not even know that spelljamming exists, although the dwarves and the humans both have legends that tell of a flight in the blackness.

The cultures are too worried about their immediate survival to care about trading with anyone. Money means nothing to them. In fact, gold and precious gems are commonplace on Chandos, but they are ignored by the inhabitants—even the dwarves.

Unique Flora/Fauna: This planet is unique, and this uniqueness is reflected in its plant and animal life. Many of the mosses and fungi that thrive on the cool damp places between the rocks exhibit a predatory awareness. Some of these species even relocate to locations better suited for hunting. Most plants, though, thrive on the water and mineral deposits found on the rocks and in the stygian liquid darkness.

The land animals living on Chandos are mostly peaceful, feeding on the abundant plant life. These animals range from simple rats and mice to the more complex species of rabbits, ground hogs, squirrels, and moles, the latter being the most prevalent. There are no predators on the planet, except for the humanoids that inherited their predicament from their ancestors and the sentient plants.

The animals in the water are a completely different story. Savagery such as theirs is unheard of. Many of the fish species exhibit a certain self-awareness that is unusual. It is even believed that they are consciously aware of their surroundings, reacting with incredible intelligence.

Several people have suggested that these fish are able to cast spells when in danger. This has caused a fear to grow regarding this planet over the last 80 years.

These fish live between the narrow crevices separating the rocks of Chandos, as well as inside the caverns and tunnels that naturally occur. Most of the fish possess tendrils or forward-pointing dorsal fins containing organs that metabolize food stuffs into bio-luminescence. Many of the fish use these lights to find hiding places, and to locate and attract food.

Disposition of Groundlings: The humans concentrate on survival. When they are not running from land upheavals or fighting their hated orc or dwarven enemies, they must forage for food. The land holds much food for those who can tell the poisonous plants from the edible, but the process dominates the majority of one's time.

Whenever an orc or a dwarf is seen, the humans race to attack it. The hatred they feel runs deep, but no one can remember its cause.

The dwarves are much like the humans, spending more time in scrounging for food than in finding shelter. The dwarves have almost forgotten their heritage as miners in this mad rush for food. The few dwarves that allow their mining instincts free play end only up dying when the ground shifts again.

The orcs pretty much stay to themselves, having created a communal style of living. They all work together to find food, unlike the humans and the dwarves. If a new sentient life form were to look down on this planet, it would see the orcs as being the intellectual standard of the planet, while looking toward the humans and the dwarves as the inferior lot.

History: Many dwarven generations ago, two trade ships were en route for the Toril moon, Selune, to sell a stash of gems they stole from another planet. They were also planning to sell



orcs to the neogi. While near the planet Glyth, they were attacked by two illithid ships. The attack left one ship adrift, the other sustaining heavy hull damage. After the illithids were fought off, the humans in the first ship attached their tradesman to the derelict ship. This damaged craft was manned by several dozen dwarven miners and a human mage who died in the battle. Their shared air envelope was rapidly turning rancid when they approached the planet Chandos.

They decided to land on the planet to allow their rancid air to be refreshed, and to allow the mage on the working spelljamming helm to rest in order to restore the helm on the derelict ship. The backup mage, being only 2nd level, was not nearly powerful enough to restore the helm himself, so the stronger mage would have to do the job. While the crew rested, the weight of the two grappled ships caused the ground to shift. Most of the humans, dwarves, and the prisoner orcs were able to escape, but seven people died instantly, including both mages.

Friendships soon broke down as each group blamed the other for the destruction of the ships and the mages. Even the orcs joined in the finger pointing. Eventually, all went their own ways, vowing to destroy each other.

Now, whenever one race meets the other, a vicious battle ensues as they try to eliminate each other. Unfortunately, so much time has passed that no one remembers why they fight. There is so much racial hatred here that even if the reason were known, it wouldn't matter in the slightest.

Important NPCs

Name: Zachariah Silverblade

Occupation: Leader of a Human Enclave

STR: 10 **INT:** 8 **DEX:** 12

CHA: 18 **WIS:** 4 **CON:** 11

Zachariah Silverblade is a silver-haired old man who prides himself on his past experiences. He has done nothing in the last 30 years to improve himself or the lives of those who chose to follow him. He is, however, very charismatic.

He can sit for hours talking about how many orcs or dwarves he killed in one night's work, or how many women bore him children, but that is the extent of his conversation. He is a shell of a man reliving his days behind the point of the sword.

He was the last man to wield a sword on Chandos, because through the centuries, the swords have broken from disuse, rust, or loss, and there has been no one able to create more. When Zachariah's sword accidentally snapped after striking an orc across the face blade flat, the last page of the human battle for Chandos turned. Since that time, Zachariah has been waiting to die. There is no need for battle heroes, because the humans cannot win a hand to hand fight against the average orc. He now spends his time looking for a new place to take his people, as they run from the threat of orcs and dwarves.

Name: Og Mosgog

Occupation: Orc Chieftain

STR: 17 **INT:** 12 **DEX:** 13

CHA: 10 **WIS:** 13 **CON:** 17

Og Mosgog is the leader of the southern-most tribe of orcs. He has established a no-war treaty with several orc tribes, sealed with the blood-brother hand shake several years ago. He leads his people in search of missing orc tribes, so they can join with them as well.

Og has a mild temperament when compared to the standard orc found on other worlds. Whenever a human or dwarf is encountered, an attack is not initiated by his orc tribe, although they do stand ready for one. Their previous dealings with the two races have left them wary and cautious.

Og is charismatic with other orcs, but he is still considered ugly by human or dwarf standards. The hide on his chest and arms is battle scarred from many run-ins with the paranoid humans. Every attempt at peace with them has met with failure. He has one wife and seven children, of which three have died from the grinding movements of the rocks.

PLANET NAME: Glyth
PLANET TYPE: Spherical earth body
PLANET SIZE: E
ESCAPE TIME: 4 turns
SATELLITES: 3 moons, and ring
DAY LENGTH: 30 hours, 30 minutes
YEAR LENGTH: 360 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Mind flayers and many humanoid races.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	1,000 million miles 10 days travel
Anadia	950-1,050 million miles 9.5-10.5 days travel
Coliar	900-1,100 million miles 9-11 days travel
Toril	800-1,200 million miles 8-12 days travel
Karpri	700-1,300 million miles 7-13 days travel
Chandos	600-1,400 million miles 6-14 days travel
Garden	200-2,200 million miles 2-22 days travel
H'Catha	600-2,600 million miles 6-26 days travel
Sphere	2,200 million miles 22 days travel

Description: Glyth is the sixth planet in the Realms' solar system, and it is a sad world indeed. The atmosphere is so foul that entering it reminds visitors of a charnel house or a dead forest during a severe fire. In fact, forest fires do regularly sweep across the charred surface of the planet, burning anything that had the opportunity to get a foothold in the soil. What forests do remain are in control of the underground-dwelling inhabitants of the planet. The rest are purposely burned off to limit the possible hiding places for their runaway cattle.

Eighty percent of the planet is land, while the other 20% consists of a mysterious gelatinous substance. This substance contains a large quantity of water, but the feel is similar to gelatin. If this gelatin is eaten, it safely satisfies any

thirst as if it were water. The positive thing about this strange gelatinous water is that it never turns brackish like regular water, nor does it freeze.

Glyth has a large ring that orbits the planet at the equator. This beautiful feature can be seen clearly from the planet's surface both day and night. During the day, the ring looks similar to a perfectly formed cloud, with sharp edges. During the night, soft oranges, reds, and blues can be seen in its spiraling arcs. It often casts a weak shadow onto the planet during the daytime as well.

The three moons that surround Glyth are very beautiful, too. The largest is a class B planetary body, while the other two are small class A bodies. All three are spherical in shape, but the smallest is more oval. This egg-shaped moon is actually an illithid base known as Haven.

Climate: The planet is warm, but the continually raging fires have almost destroyed its air envelope. The atmosphere rains frequently as a way to rid itself of the lingering smoke particles.

These rains are somewhat acidic, though. Whenever a visitor is exposed to the rain, he must roll a Constitution check or suffer one point of damage. This is rolled only once per day, no matter how many times it may have rained during that 30 hour and 30 minute day.

The poles are capped with ice like most planets, but nothing lives there. The ice and snow here is dirty. A sage specializing in illithids once came here, drilled into the ice, and discovered that the resident mind flayers have been on the planet for only a century or so.

The gelatinous oceans are surprisingly pure. Even with the atmospheric poisoning and the acidic rains, they have maintained a purity not seen even in virgin landscapes. A sage ran tests on the gelatin, and found that particulates deposited on its surface quickly sift through it to the bottom. He then theorized that anything unfortunate enough to land on the seas is actually sucked down, until all the gelatin is sitting above it.

Ports of Call: Spelljamming races are welcome at Mingabwe, the Class B moon orbiting

Glyth, but otherwise there are no safe places to park a spelljammer near Glyth. The illithids at Haven patrol the Glyth space in case of attack from approaching intruders.

Haven, a Class A planetary body, is a hollowed asteroid that is a neutral ground between warring illithid factions. This port is entered by passing through the large hole at Haven's southern pole. Only illithids are completely welcome here. All others must have very important matters to discuss, or they may never escape.

Mingabwe is fairly safe, and often used as a spaceport. The problem with this port of call is that it is completely vacant except for the paladin, Justin "Do Good" Demonslayer, who took residence here over 10 years ago. There is not another living soul on the whole moon, except for the plants and insects. Spelljammers can dock here for free, and there is a great deal of food that can be taken, although the crew must pick it from the plants themselves. There is water here as well, but it is becoming scarce, so plant growth is beginning to suffer.

On Glyth itself, there are several naturally occurring spelljamming dry docks. Each of these docks is owned and operated by a different illithid faction. These mind flayers are very jealous of their docks, so they live near them in order to protect them from other illithid factions.

When their slave guards warn them of ships preparing to dock that do not possess the correct flag, the illithids send their slaves up against the approaching spelljammer. Not knowing or caring whether the ship belongs to a friend or foe, they want only to ensure that the ship doesn't get the chance to do any damage.

Often, factions' ships can be seen lying in the dry docks completely unmanned and alone. The illithids, however, use that tactic to bring enemies and runaway slaves in closer, so they can be captured and eventually eaten.

Resources/Trade: This planet is completely useless to trade ships. Very few humanoids willingly deal with the illithids because their reputation is well known. The illithids do trade with others of their own kind, but they refuse to trade with a faction that is their current enemy, even if

it means missing out on great wealth.

The illithids often trade their food cattle—humanoids—to others in order to try out someone else's breeding process, all with a goal of increasing the flavor of the brain. During the years the mind flayers have brought the art of selective breeding to a culinary success.

These skull cattle are kept on ranches in what forests remain on this burned-out world. The illithids laughingly call these dismal locations Skull Sod. The humanoids are herded from one location to the next, from this watering hole, to that pasture; the constant moving keeps their sense of direction off. The humanoids are well cared for, as far as herded animal care goes.

On Glyth, the illithids are trying a different breeding technique from those on the rings. When a new humanoid is born, he is placed in a school where learning begins immediately. This process of forced learning continues until the subject is 18 years of age.

At that point, the subject is tested and measured to assess his total brain capacity. If he is in the top five percent, he is given the right to breed—this is also used as a motivator for the humanoids to learn more. Those not in the top percentage are sold to other illithids for dietary intake. The lowest five percentage are outright killed and devoured by the illithids who run the ranch.

All of this ensures the continuation of only the smartest cattle—humanoids who are 1d4 intelligence and wisdom points smarter than the average human, to a maximum of 20. Unfortunately, none of them ever make it off the ranch, because the adventuring spirit has been long bred out of them as well.

The humanoids granted breeding rights are encouraged to produce as many children as physically possible. These breeders are never sold as brain food until their abilities to produce are extinguished. All the while, they are taught everything possible, except spells that can be used as a method of attack or escape. The hapless humanoids never discover their real purpose for the mind flayers. The herds believe the illithids are a race of teachers who are preparing them for the outside worlds.

Another popular commodity is spider monkeys stolen from the jungles of Toril. There are raised in the equatorial forests. Many of the monkeys, however, end up escaping. This makes their brains as expensive as those of humanoids.

The illithids do trade with other spelljammers on occasion, but they seem to buy slaves only from evil races. The illithids also pirate whenever they get the opportunity, because they have little other chance to introduce more money into the illithid trade exchange.

The Under-underdark: Deep in the ground, deep even by mind flayer standards, lives a group of terrorists—humanoids known as the Free Thinkers Union. The FTU occasionally leads raids into the illithid areas of control, in hopes of retrieving and saving as many of their brethren as possible.

None of the FTU members are afraid of death. They realize that they would die at the hands of the mind flayers anyway, and dying in the service of one's fellows is an honorable death. It is believed that they number several hundred now, but that is only speculation. It would be impossible for outsiders to locate or speak with them, because the illithids are between the surface of the planet and them.

They must be very successful, because the illithids are constantly trying to find their location to exterminate them.

Important NPCs

Name: Surrell of the 12 Skulls Ranch

Occupation: Humanoid Breeder

STR: 16 **INT:** 16 **DEX:** 16

CHA: 2 **WIS:** 17 **CON:** 16

Surrell is one of the top breeders for the illithid races in space. He is renowned for the selective breeding techniques he used when he altered the oortling races to more suit the mind flayer's culinary desires.

Surrell conducts his experiments at a humanoid ranch in one of the surviving forests on Glyth. He works underground during the day, but works at night right on the ranch. He is by far

the richest illithid on the planet, and therefore the most envied. His 12,000-skull ranch sells delicious oortling herds to richer illithids throughout the system. His prices are high, but the taste is unbelievable. He is even known in Greyspace because of this new delicacy.

Name: Justin "Do Good" Demonslayer

Occupation: Paladin, 16th level

STR: 17 **INT:** 15 **DEX:** 14

CHA: 16 **WIS:** 18 **CON:** 17

Justin Demonslayer was born on an unknown planet called Caralhon. He joined a pirate ship almost 30 years ago and ended up here in Realspace. He pirated wildspace until he came to Glyth. The mind flayers abruptly captured him and threw him in with the rest of the illithid's cattle. He soon found a beautiful lady and fell in love.

When the illithids found out, both humans were to be taken out of the herds. The mind flayer planned to kill them both, but when an illithid grabbed onto Justin, a true miracle occurred. Justin's brain had a chemical imbalance, caused by a deformed gland. When the illithid's hungry tentacles sucked this gland out, the mind flayer became fatally poisoned. It stopped feasting at that point, and died within minutes.

Justin escaped once he regained his normal state of consciousness. He climbed to the surface of the planet to wait for his head to heal. Soon, a ship carrying elves landed on the planet. Rushing to the ship, Justin warned them of the impending doom lurking underground, and the elves promptly left, taking Justin with them.

After reaching Mingabwe, a moon of Glyth, the elves dropped Justin off, where he has been ever since, his mind now clear. He has helped many merchants pass through wildspace safely.

The Rings of Glyth

MINOR BODY NAME: The Rings of Glyth

MINOR BODY TYPE: Planetary ring

The Rings of Glyth is astronomically unique in the Realm's sphere, consisting of small asteroids and ice balls, similar to those found on the system's comets. The ring begins about 7,000 miles from the surface of the planet, and ends just over 20,000 miles later. About 100 miles thick at it widest point, it averages out to about 50 miles wide. The ring actually features several minor rings throughout its structure.

The inner ring, which appears to be perfectly flat and translucent when viewed from afar, is actually composed of rounded chunks of dirty ice and boulders. These are spaced evenly throughout the ring's 7,000-mile length.

The second ring is separated from the first by a small Class A planetary body called Haven. This ring is made of asteroids that have aligned themselves according to color. These lines of colored bodies weave themselves into the other colored bands to create a braided look to the ring. This ring is 700 miles wide.

The third ring is separated from the second by 400 miles, so this ring is considered as the fourth ring. Very dark and relatively large objects take their residence in the ring; none of the objects are less than 300 feet across. It is rumored that this is a base for the notorious piracy group called Code Helm. This ring is 6,000 miles wide.

The fourth and last ring is one of the most unusual. Here, tiny asteroids are wedged close together, appearing like the spokes of a wagon wheel. Each spoke is separated from the others by thousands of miles.

Groundlings: Several colonies of oortlings live on the rings, surviving by eating the ice chunks or ice asteroids that make up much of the rings. The oortlings are docile because of the selective breeding techniques of the illithids. They were taken from many of the comets within the system and placed here by several breeders so they can be watched constantly.

Oortling (2-20): Int Low; AL N; AC 8; MV 12; HD 1 - 1; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2; SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ S (3'); ML 2 -4; AL N; XP 15 each.

The oortlings cringe in fear from even the slightest possibility of violence. If they are in extreme pain or have lost all their senses, they are known to scratch and bite. As an attack, this is quite feeble, inflicting only 1d2 points of damage each.

The mind flayers herd these small humanoids into tight colonies called skull farms. The illithid keep the males and female purposely separated, so they can select the best from each sex to breed. The size and positioning of the brain is important, so measurements are taken on each oortling at least twice a month. The docile mentality is an important factor to the mind flayers as well.

Oortlings with the properly selected brains are placed together for breeding purposes. All others are held in captivity until their brains finish the predetermined growth pattern. At that point, they are sold to individual illithids and restaurant owners for public distribution. Luckily, not all the oortlings have been captured by the mind flayers.

Haven

MINOR BODY NAME: Haven

MINOR BODY TYPE: Spherical earth body

Haven is a small Class A planetary body that resides between the first and second rings in the Glyth's ring system. Haven is actually a hollow asteroid that creates the first gap in the rings because of its gravitational forces. It is a nondescript chunk of rock that appears completely lifeless.

Outside Haven, a cave opening can be seen on the southern pole. This is where the illithids maneuver their spelljamming ships into the asteroid.

Inside the cave opening, the asteroid is completely hollow. Many varieties of molds, fungi, and mushrooms constantly purify the air. The illithids park their ships inside to conduct trade

agreements, settle disputes, and create plans for expansion.

The gravity on this moon is spherical. When standing on the outside, gravity allows the person to stand normally, with his head away from the center of the moon. The inside, however, works exactly opposite. When standing, the person's head points toward the center of the moon, while gravity keeps the feet attached to the inner surface of the moon.

The inside of the moon is oxygenated, but because of the gravitational uniqueness of this moon, air does not adhere to the outside of the moon.

The illithids are known to attack all non-illithid races entering the moon, unless the business to be conducted is very much to their benefit.

Mingabwe and Polluter

MINOR BODY NAME: Mingabwe and Polluter

MINOR BODY TYPE: Gravitationally
attracted spherical
earth bodies

Mingabwe, a Class B astronomical body that serves as a trading post, orbits Glyth at an altitude of 235,000 miles. Mingabwe's air is constantly shrouded in bitter cold but it never snows. There is a permanent ice pack every-

where on the moon's surface, with the only warm places in existence being those within the different buildings spread across its frozen surface. These buildings are mostly trading posts and inns.

There is no government on this moon, nor any police force. This lack of control does not create a state of anarchy, even though this moon is on the fringes of the empty frontier. Everyone tends to be trusting and friendly, even to those they have never met before. Part of the explanation is the implicit realization that there is no place to hide, should someone steal from them.

Of the several reported thefts on Mingabwe, all but two of the perpetrators have been caught and dealt with. Strangely enough, once punishment has been delivered, residents are again willing to trust the culprit. No one, however, is given a second chance. In fact, those evil characters are never seen again.

Orbiting Mingabwe is a smaller Class A moon called Polluter, a rough, meteor-pocked rock possessing frozen water but no atmosphere. Polluter is a lifeless rock that has never been exploited or mapped out. Somewhere on this moon, there are two magical items of evil. These belonged to Justin "Do Good" Demonslayer before the defective gland in his brain was removed. Since that time, he took up the "Do Good" alias, and has lived up to it ever since without faltering.



GARDEN

PLANET NAME: Garden
PLANET TYPE: Cluster earth body
PLANET SIZE: A
ESCAPE TIME: 1 turn
SATELLITES: 12 moons
DAY LENGTH: 128 hours
YEAR LENGTH: 1,022 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS: Yggdrasil's Child, non-sentient life forms, and pirates.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	1,200 million miles 12 days travel
Anadia	1,150-1,200 million miles 11.5-12.5 days travel
Coliar	1,100-1,300 million miles 11-13 days travel
Toril	1,000-1,400 million miles 10-14 days travel
Karpri	900-1,500 million miles 9-15 days travel
Chandos	800-1,600 million miles 8-16 days travel
Glyth	200-2,200 million miles 2-22 days travel
H'Catha	400-2,800 million miles 4-28 days travel
Sphere	2,000 million miles 20 days travel

Overview: Garden, the seventh planet from the Sun, has 12 small Class A earth bodies revolving around it. The planet itself is actually a cluster of earth bodies lying relatively close together, anchored to each other by the roots of a gargantuan plant. Each share a common atmospheric envelope. The 12 moons, however, are well outside the spherical reaches of the atmosphere.

The asteroids making up the planet Garden are far enough apart to allow sight between them. At times that can be as far as 100 yards, but for the most part, they are no closer than 100 feet. This allows many spelljamming ships to pass between them if maneuvered carefully.

Ports of Call: There is a number of places for spelljammers to park their ships, but none are manmade. In fact, not a single location on this planet appears designed especially for a ship from space to park comfortably. This fact makes Garden a very hospitable place for the naturalist character.

There are several pirate dens within the planet. The pirates maneuver their ships between the rocks to hide deep within the asteroids that make up the center of the planet. Most people who approach the planet never meet these human inhabitants, mainly because the pirates are unaware of the presence of approaching ships most of the time.

Resources/Trade: The planet, Garden, is basically that: a garden. Thousands of small plants struggle to survive here, and one extremely large plant holds the planet together. There are also many small animals that make their homes here as well, ranging from rabbits and mice to small foxes and ferrets. These animals help maintain the balanced ecosystem that revolves around the plant that the northmen call Yggdrasil's Child.

Most spelljamming ships that enter the space surrounding Garden come only to replenish their air supply or to take on food. As many wise sages tell, this is also a good place to drop off any waste material. The planet needs a constant intake of moisture with the outgo, or else it could end up drying out and dying. The planet's location is too important to allow it to fade away from misuse.

Important NPCs

Name: Clive the Fearsome

Occupation: Pirate Leader

STR: 18 **INT:** 17 **DEX:** 16

CHA: 12 **WIS:** 15 **CON:** 14

Clive is the leader of the pirate cove on Garden. He commands 12 ships, each smaller than 50 tons. He holds 100 pirates under his direction, because he is a very smart and very strong man. He is none too attractive, but his strength and incredible intelligence make him a seem-

ingly unstoppable opponent.

Strangely enough, the man claiming to be Clive the Fearsome is actually named Orion of Calimshan. He gained the position of pirate leader when the previous Clive retired and appointed Orion as the new leader. That was over eight years ago. Orion is the eleventh man to take on the name of Clive the Fearsome.

It was realized, almost 125 years ago, that a name that struck fear in people's hearts was a terrible thing to waste. Instead of trying to bring in a new name for people to recognize, the pirates decided to keep "Clive", and build him to be a man unstoppable even by time.

The third Clive—the only one to have died before retirement—was actually killed in a pirate raid on an elven armada. The raid failed, but the name spread like wildfire. It was unfortunate that he died, but soon after that, many ships came, manned by adventurers and bounty hunters looking to gain notoriety or quick and easy money. All they found was death, or a job with the pirates.

Clive does not believe in wasting good men, but his crews continually change, because of the number of deaths the pirates see every year.

Name: Yggdrasil's Child

Occupation: Large Planet-binding Plant on Garden

STR: ??	INT: ??	DEX: 0
CHA: 13	WIS: ??	CON: 22

It is unknown whether Yggdrasil's Child, hereafter known simply as "the plant", is a sentient being. Hundreds of attempts at communication have been made, but to no avail, even though it has been around as long as spelljammers have been in Realmspace. The plant grows on a yearly cycle, which lasts 1,022 months at a time. This cycle is directly related to the seasons: growth during the spring and summer, death and diminishment during the winter and the autumn. The plant does not actually die, but appears to go into a stasis mode in which half of its leaves fall off and die.

The plant's leaves are large enough for a ship to use as sails. A common use for them is for the

wrapping of a spelljamming ship's dead before they are forever given to the bosom of wildspace. The trunk of the plant is a fusion of several hundred trunks, each of them measuring over 100 feet in diameter. It takes the average man well over six hours to completely walk around the plant's trunk. This takes into account the necessity of pushing through its vast maze of leaves and limbs. The trunks and limbs of the tree are made of a scaly wood which repels cold, heat, and electrical damage of all kinds.

The plant has a series of trunks or very thick limbs that stretch across the whole planet, allowing the plant to be touched by the Sun's rays every moment of every day. This gives it tremendous rejuvenating powers.

The plant's root system touches everything inside the planet's interior. These thick roots, some being 1,000 feet across, anchor the planet together. The huge roots then fork off into progressively smaller roots which delve into the interiors of the asteroids as well.

In combat, the plant never attacks, and in fact has no attack form whatsoever. It does, however rejuvenate lost hit points in an incredible fashion. On the first round in which it suffers damage, the plant recovers one point of damage. Every round thereafter, this healing process doubles. Thus, in the second round, it recovers two; the third round it recovers four points; and so on. This progressive healing continues until all of the plant's damage is healed, and until the plant has not been damaged for 10 hours thereafter. This regeneration gives the impression that the plant cannot be killed, but the possibility does exist.

Please note that the plant now has over 1,000 hit points. Every year that it lives it loses one hit point, until it eventually dies. At that point, the plant's place is taken over by another of its kind that starts with 2,000 hit points. See the entry about Garden's moon, Grandchild, for more information on this.

The Moons of Garden

MOON NAME: Grandchild
MOON SIZE: 45 x 13 miles

Grandchild is a spherical moon. Its surface is perfect; there are no meteorite pock marks on it at all. The off-white color reflects the light eerily.

MOON NAME: Yerthad
MOON SIZE: 395 miles

This spherical moon is covered in an atmosphere extremely poisonous to most living beings. The air is sulfuric acid, and the planet's surface is covered with a sea of acid. Merely entering the air, which starts about 100 miles above the surface, causes one point of hull damage per round, while inflicting 10 points of damage to all crew members. A saving throw vs. poison allows characters to suffer only half damage. The helmsman must make a critical hit roll as well. All magic items must survive saving throws vs. acid damage to continue to function.

MOON NAME: Peaceon
MOON SIZE: 1 x 17 miles

Peaceon, a planar-shaped planet, was once a stopping point for spacefaring elves. The moon has long been deserted, but its lone building still stands in perfect condition.

MOON NAME: Retinae
MOON SIZE: 121 miles

Retinae got its name because it looks much like an eye. Where the pupil would be is a large crater. Inside this crater lives a rare type of fungus that can be used in the production of spells and potions having to do with vision improvement.

MOON NAME: Glorianus
MOON SIZE: 3 x 2 miles

A crescent-shaped planet, Glorianus is covered completely with a soft green grass. The human druid who named the moon still lives there to this day. His name is Griffon Broadleaf.

MOON NAME: Fjord
MOON SIZE: 67 x 69 miles

This spherical moon is an airless mass of rock. It once was a great mining colony, but it now stands deserted.

MOON NAME: Locci
MOON SIZE: 100 x 300 feet

This moon is a perfect rectangle. It possesses no atmosphere. The edges and corners have been nicked somewhat by meteors and comets.

MOON NAME: Dragon Rock
MOON SIZE: 121 x 32 miles

This moon is shaped roughly like a white dragon. It was created by an evil wizard, named Darkon of the Earth's Depths, while trying to delve into the secrets of the planet Garden. The moon is made completely of white jade. It has a weak atmosphere that smells faintly of pipe smoke.

MOON NAME: Knurl
MOON SIZE: 60 miles

This spherical moon is made of swirling marble of different colors. There are chunks of the surface missing, where liquid marble oozes in a very slow stream. This oozing marble can be molded into sculptures, for it hardens within ten days of being removed from the moon.

MOON NAME: Sunson
MOON SIZE: 200 miles

Sunson is a spherical fire body which puts out enough heat to warm space within 1,000 miles of it. It glows blue with a light that can illuminate Garden during the night. This small fire body burns almost twice as hot as the Sun.

MOON NAME: Templar
MOON SIZE: 50 miles x 12 feet

This circular moon is a mage outpost operated by 100 mages of all classes. They study Garden, hoping to uncover its secrets. They finance their continuous operation by selling magic items.

MOON NAME: Farworld
MOON SIZE: 111 miles

This moon is an occupied trading post. Surprisingly, even though it is so far away from most inhabited planets, it conducts a great deal of trade. Almost anything non-magical can be found here for sale.

PLANET NAME:	H'Catha
PLANET TYPE:	Flat world water body
PLANET SIZE:	C
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	2 moons
DAY LENGTH:	Infinite
YEAR LENGTH:	2,004 months
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Beholders.

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	1,600 million miles 16 days travel
Anadia	1,550-1,650 million miles 15.5-16.5 days travel
Coliar	1,500-1,700 million miles 15-17 days travel
Toril	1,400-1,800 million miles 14-18 days travel
Karpri	1,300-1,900 million miles 13-19 days travel
Chandos	1,200-2,000 million miles 12-20 days travel
Glyth	600-2,600 million miles 6-26 days travel
Garden	400-2,800 million miles 4-28 days travel
Sphere	1,600 million miles 16 days travel

Overview: This planet, the farthest from the Sun, is a flat water world with a tall mountain in the center. The surprisingly clear water is 300 miles thick throughout the planet. The water's edge is tapered and shrouded in mist and fog, making it very dangerous to approach because the possibility of falling off the world is very high.

The water of this flat world constantly falls off the edge as well. When this happens, the water immediately turns to steam and collects at the world's edge and under the planet. This obscures the edge, making it impossible to see. The culture that lived here before the beholders took over lost three ships trying to prove that the world was round. Inadvertently, they proved otherwise.

As H'Catha revolves around the Sun, it looks very much like a wagon wheel. The Spindle—

the large central mountain—constantly points to the Sun, while the rest of the planet rolls along in its orbit. The planet also has two moons which circumnavigate the planet along the flat plane.

The Spindle is directly in the center of the planet. It is 200 miles thick at its base, but it tapers and thins to the very top, over 1,000 miles above the surface. The Spindle is the tallest mountain in the Realms' sphere.

The water in the flat section of the planet is home to a variety of life. Unfortunately, with the exception of the eye of the deep, most of the native aquatic life forms have fallen prey to the warfare between the various beholder races that have made this planet their home.

Climate: H'Catha is a cool planet, with a temperature of a constant 50 degrees. Because of the planet's revolution angle, the amount of daylight striking the planet never changes either. The two H'Catha moons never get in the way of the sun, because they revolve along the axis of the planet's orbital path.

Ports of Call: The planet has several locations across the base of the Spindle where spelljamming ships of the beholders can dock. There is a total of six such docks, and every one of them is owned by a different species of beholder.

These beholders do not take kindly to their docks being used by other spelljamming races. If the trading goods are of the kind they desire, the ship is allowed to stay only until the trading is done. If there is nothing of use on the ship—and the beholders are hard to please—they insist the ship leave immediately, or pay the deadly consequence. The ports of one beholder species cannot be used by another, or else an immediate war breaks out.

Resources/Trade: The beholders allow the Arcane to dock whenever and wherever they choose. These odd humanoids are the ones who sell the beholders their ships, and thus their involvement is very important. Often, the beholders attack ships that enter their airspace, to steal their money and ships to finance the purchasing

of their own spelljamming ships. This makes this area of space quite dangerous. Also, beholders do not normally take prisoners, unless the persons are spellcasters or excellent warriors.

The beholders love to purchase information regarding the activities of the other species of beholders. Their constant fight to gain species superiority over the others makes this information quite valuable. On occasion the beholders may mistakenly pay for incorrect data, but they always get their vengeance on the liar at a later date. Usually this happens when the seller has long forgotten the wrong he once committed.

Disposition of Groundlings: Most of the groundlings here on the planet H'Catha are nothing more than warmongering idiots, trying to exterminate the other beholder species. This is to the liking of races fearful of beholders, but it is a shame nonetheless. The purpose of their creation was to traverse the spheres, to gain information regarding everything. At the end of their searches, the hive mothers of the individual beholder species were to come together and share everything they found.

Their gods designed the beholder in their own likeness to search the world over and report back to them on the status of the worlds they did not control. This mission, long ago distorted, is as forgotten as their original home sphere.

The eye of the deep was to search the lands beneath the seas to uncover their secrets as well. Unfortunately, these beholders are just one more racist beholder species.

A few of the more knowledgeable persons in the Realms believe that the gods in the different spheres placed a curse on the beholders once they found out their purpose. These deities, fearing the beholder's gods, placed the beholders into a hateful race for supremacy against their own kind. Unfortunately, no one has asked Large Luigi about this yet. He would be the one to know.

Prominent Land Features: There are very few land features on H'Catha, but what features do exist definitely stand out. First of all, this planet is unique in the Realmspace system be-

cause it is the only flat world planet. This flatness, with the Spindle, makes the planet look like a sundial when viewed from afar.

The oceans are always calm, but the moon orbiting the planet causes tidal fluctuations which create continual water circulation. Thousands of different algae live in these oceans, converting the Sun's rays into oxygen. This oxygen is then used by the aquatic life forms. The algae are also eaten by small animals, which in turn are eaten by progressively larger animals until the end of the food chain is reached, which is the eye of the deep.

These monsters do not seem to care for the environment they live in, for they spend as much time as possible running about eating everything they can find. This is destroying the ecosystem that was perfectly balanced before these creatures showed up.

The beholders, in their infinite war of supremacy over the other species, constantly fight over possession of the Spindle, the giant mountain in the center of H'Catha.

Whenever one species gets a stronger foothold than another, the downtrodden species attack the stronger one, to push them back down. This continues until another species is found to be the stronger, and the cycle continues.

This constant battle has done nothing but stain the mountain green with beholder blood, and keep the beholders from conquering the worlds that would otherwise be theirs for the taking.

On the top of the Spindle, a constant storm keeps the peak in continual darkness. The clouds and ball lightning are so thick that standard, infrared, and ultraviolet sight render nothing but haze. Here is where the knowledge of the universe is kept—there is a slight problem with the acquisition of it, though.

The mountain must be climbed from the ground floor, all the way to the top. There are hundreds of mind-reading stations along the way, and all are extremely difficult to locate, even with divination spells. A thief suffers a -80% penalty against his detect traps skill to locate these areas, while a divination spell works only 25% of the time.

To succeed, the climber's brain must come within two feet of every station on the Spindle. Once the 1,000-mile climb is complete, the brain is immediately stuffed with every known nugget of knowledge and wisdom collected throughout the eons since the creation of the phlogiston.

If the recipient's brain is smaller than two feet in diameter, the being suffers irrevocable and complete insanity. Such a one is no longer able to function in normal society, because everything appears to him to be completely inane. The alignment at this point changes to lawful neutral, no matter what the alignment was before.

With this mind-accosting danger, it is evident that this knowledge station was placed here by the gods of the beholders to find, in case they strayed from their original mission. A few have found it, but the beholders reject anyone who is affected, instead of accepting them as was the original plan of the gods.

Important NPCs

Name: Large Luigi

Occupation: Bartender, Rock of Bral

STR: 16 **INT:** 25 **DEX:** 16

CHA: 4 **WIS:** 25 **CON:** 15

Large Luigi is a beholder who hails from the planet H'Catha. He was one of the few beholders who was able to ascend the Spindle and gain complete knowledge of everything. (See the Prominent Land Features of H'Catha for more information regarding The Spindle.)

When he returned to the bottom of the mountain, he changed. No longer was he lawful evil in alignment, for the knowledge he gained boosted his Intelligence and his Wisdom to the maximum, and his alignment changed to lawful neutral as a direct result of the change.

He was looked down upon by the other beholders in his species because he finally understood the purpose of his race: to gain all the information that there is to learn, and to become the ultimate information brokers of the universe. He has gained all knowledge of every-

thing, but the other beholders refuse to accept him. Once they found that his *death ray* had been replaced by the ability to *detect lie*, he became an immediate outcast.

Running for his life, he again traversed the Spindle. After convincing a tradesman ship of his dilemma, the humans took him on as a crew member, eventually dropping him off at the Rock of Bral, where he is today. He purchased a bar, and currently bartends and keeps the peace. He is known to use his *charm person* and *sleep* abilities to keep the fighting in his bar to a minimum. He is an outstanding Bral citizen and businessman.

He is the ultimate non-deity information broker in the known spheres. He never gives out information which would upset the delicate balance between good and evil. Both serve a purpose, as he commonly says, and neither can exist without the other.

All the friends he makes are lawful in one way or another. His close friends, however, are lawful neutral alignment like himself.

Name: Baris to the Right

Occupation: Beholder Overlord

STR: ?? **INT:** 17 **DEX:** 17

CHA: 1 **WIS:** 4 **CON:** 18

This beholder is one of the oldest on H'Catha. She is not, however, one of the oldest beholders of all time—it's just that everyone on this planet usually dies a horribly quick and early death. She is a Great Hive Mother who demands worship from every beholder within eyesight, even if they belong to another species. It is said that she is the beholder responsible for the slaughtering of the different species in the beholder race, but this cannot possibly be true. Her relatively young age compared to the length of the conflict proves that she isn't solely responsible for the constant killing. Nonetheless, she is very evil. She can always be found on the western section of the Spindle, loosing her beholder armies against others.

Some people accuse her of climbing the Spindle and gaining the supreme knowledge. Worried that others would do the same, she created

the sudden need to exterminate every species of beholder that wasn't exactly like her.

The Moons of H'Catha

MOON NAME: Turnbetl
MOON SIZE: 980 miles
PERIGEE POINT: 11,500 miles
APOGEE POINT: 413,000 miles

Turnbetl is the closest moon in the H'Catha system. This Class B moon is spherical, with an atmosphere made strictly of highly unstable gases. These gases, when exposed to oxygen, explode instantly. For every man-month of air on a ship, the explosion is equal to a one-die *fireball*. Thus, a ship with 30 crew members, with enough air for 2 months, would cause an explosion equal to a 60-die *fireball*. This, unfortunately, can be extremely lethal, so a quarantine of the moon is strongly advised.

MOON NAME: Lumbe
MOON SIZE: 600 x 75 feet
PERIGEE POINT: 21,500 miles
APOGEE POINT: 817,000 miles

This moon, the farthest in the H'Catha system, is roughly cylindrical in shape and metallic in structure. There is no exterior atmosphere, but there is interior air. This moon twirls like a baton as it orbits H'Catha.

There are two locked doors at either side of the cylinder. If these are open, a dull blue light can be seen. Stepping inside reveals a mage's laboratory, but no one is ever around. The odd thing is that noises can be heard if an ear is placed next to the cylinder before entering, but once the door is open, the noise stops, and does not continue until every last character is out of the cylinder, and the door is again closed.

Looking through the laboratory reveals thousands of things. There are a few open jars that expel a constant oxygen supply, and there are several bottles that emit a clean, almost flowery scent that permeates every nook and cranny in the lab.

One thing that should be extremely clear, is that every item of destruction in this lab is an item of incredible power and utter lethality. The owner has become quite paranoid about letting go of any of these items, because of the fear and terror his *Batship* is causing. That ship, detailed in the New Ship Catalogue, was his creation almost a millennium ago, so one can only imagine what he has created since.

Anyone who takes an item remains in possession of an *illusion* of the stolen item until such time as the item is used. At that point, the *illusion* of the item dissipates.

For the DM's Eyes Only: The person who owns this floating laboratory is a sage by the name of Sarelk. Not only is he a sage, he is also a renowned mage in several other worlds as well, estimated at being equal or greater in level than Elminster. Sarelk is also the man responsible for the creation of the infamous *Batship*.

Currently, Sarelk is looking to create items to combat the ship without killing the woman inside. He has a personal stake in it, because the woman at the helm is his former wife. All those years ago when he created the ship, his wife climbed into the seat, and was never able to get out. She left her husband behind and left the sphere in embarrassment, and he has been following her ever since.



ELMINSTER'S HIDEOUT

Located close to the center of the planet Coliar hangs a spherical globe made of a shiny metallic substance, reflecting all light striking its perfectly clean and smooth surface. This flawless sphere is the hideout of the famous mage, Elminster. The globe, nearly 250 feet in diameter, exhibits a deep and constant hum that can rattle one's teeth from a quarter mile away.

This globe slowly revolves around the central earth mass of the planet, which belongs to the Torilian dragon, Firebrand Flametongue. The globe slowly spins, causing a rainbow pattern of light to reflect from its glistening surface. Appearing to be solid, many believe the globe impenetrable, and Elminster prefers it that way. Snooping eyes are never a welcome sight.

When the globe is viewed from the outside, no doors or windows can be seen. All known scrying and divination spells prove fruitless when used to peer into this object. This is why many mages believe it to be nothing more than an unusual solid astronomical body: because "they trust solely on their magical fabrications instead of seeing with the heart," as Elminster would say.

If a *detect magic* spell is cast on the globe, a crimson glow appears, rendering itself into intricate and beautiful writing. (This is definitely not written in Elminster's own hand. Lhaeo has been known to criticize Elminster on his horrid handwriting, calling it the scratching of hungry chickens.)

The writing, however beautiful, cannot be read, unless *comprehend languages* is cast at the same time. Once the writing becomes readable, it simply says, *Notify next of kin before trespassing*. If there's one thing that Elminster cannot stand, it is trespassers.

Elminster invented the spell *Elminster's evasion*, to instantly *teleport* himself into this sphere, should any of several conditions occur. These qualifications are his death, loss of mental or physical faculties, destruction of both upper limbs or complete bodily volume, or upon his uttering the word "Thaele."

Elminster also has one other way to enter the globe. This "entry grid" consists of several secret conditions. First, the prospective entrant

must not utter a single sound while touching the globe. Since this entry mode assumes that none of the conditions have occurred, and that Elminster is unable to speak the command word, only one hand can touch the globe (since the *evasion* spell works automatically when both upper limbs are destroyed). That hand must bear a ring with Elminster's name magically inscribed on the inside of the band. Other than that, the ring must have no other magical properties.

Elminster, knowing that no one is likely to wear a useless magical ring that serves no purpose but to hold a name, feels that this is a safe contingency. If all three of these conditions are met, the globe completely envelops the person in touch with it.

If anyone is able to get inside the globe, he finds Elminster's renowned and previously unseen "Safehold." Elminster designed this dimensional intersection over 300 years ago when the dragon Firebrand Flametongue officially retired to the planet Coliar. Elminster originally created the dimensional pocket as a place from which to police Firebrand's actions. After a century, Elminster decided that the dragon was changing and was indeed attempting to retire. He then converted the pocket universe into a dimensional intersection, with his safehold in the center.

The safehold is an octagonal pocket dimension to which Elminster *teleports* when the *evasion* spell is activated. This area has a bed that holds the body until the other spells associated with the evasion have taken their course. There are eight walls and a ceiling 20 feet up. There are doors on every other wall, with shelves on the walls between the doors.

These shelves hold thousands of potions and scrolls which are stored here for Elminster's and his friends' use for such time as they are needed. Under the shelves on the one wall is a silver and light blue metallic object that hums and rattles constantly. A grating on the front of it blows a constant wind of cold air. The surface of the globe is in constant heat, and since the pocket dimension Elminster created is in direct contact with it, Safehold tends to get very hot. He installed this non-magical item to keep the room

ELMINSTER'S HIDEOUT

constantly cool. On the front above the grating, there is a metallic plate, missing the first half, which says "...aire."

Under the bed are several spell books that hold all the spells that Elminster has collected and created throughout the years. These books have deadly magical *glyphs* placed upon them that are deactivated with a magical word. Elminster wishes to protect these books because he has spend lifetimes collecting them. He specifically hid them in his safehold so that they would not be stolen. He does, however, have another copy of all the books in his castle. These are the originals.

Under a shelf, hidden by several layers of rags and bloodied clothes, lies a chest which is locked with a magnificently crafted padlock. On the lid, engraved in a gold plate, the following words sparkle like cut diamonds: "To my son, Lhaeo, with all my love and adoration. King Ale-mander IV." (For more information regarding this, please see *FR3 Empires of the Sands*.)

The four doors are mere openings in the walls, allowing the person inside the hideout to look directly out and see what is beyond the doors without being spotted themselves. The first door opens directly to a room inside Elminster's castle. This is the door he uses to reenter the Forgotten Realms, and comes in very handy when he doesn't wish to expend a spell in order to get back home. This also is the preferred method of removing himself from the Safehold because his bedroom is only steps away.

The second door opens to the island of Evermeet. Usually humans are not accepted within several hundred miles of the island, but Elminster is one of the standing exceptions to all rules. He has gained many friends on the island, and has fought many times side by side with the elves when humans and humanoids of all kinds attacked this land in order to plunder its secrets, magic, and wealth. The door opens to a beautiful square in the center of the Evermeet temple to Mystra.

The third door opens to a unique, strange location. Here the trees are tall and proud. The woodland animals are plentiful, and the air is breathtakingly crisp and pure. The sun beats

down through the morning haze with a kindness not found on Toril. This is none other than Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park in the year 1894. This is Elminster's favorite off-Toril location to rest and relax. This is also one of the locations where he purchases those strange "German beers" that his friend, Gamalon, from the Rock of Bral, is always trying to buy from him.

The fourth door exposes the study and library of Ed Greenwood. This is the way in which Elminster has pestered him for the last 15 years, and to this day, continues to hassle the poor man with his incredibly long stories and demands for "more German beer" and "can I use that hot water spout doohickey, again?"

None of the dimensional doors that lead from the safehold can be seen from the worlds where they lead to. In other words, the door that leads to Evermeet can be seen from the safehold, but once Elminster walks through the doors, the elves in Evermeet see him as though he just walked through a wall. They cannot see that he actually came from his dimensional intersection. This holds true for all locations, including the door to his personal castle.

He made sure this fact held true for all locations, because he didn't want people sneaking through his house and finding an open door to his safehold. He guards its location and its secrets jealously.

Occasionally Elminster has been known to invoke the *evasion's* word command to send himself here. In times like these, he usually needs to get away, collect his thoughts, and relieve himself of the frustrations of demanding people.

ADDITIONAL ASTRONOMICALS

Besides planetary bodies and their respective moons, there are several other objects littering the Realspace. Comets, asteroids, derelict ships, nebulosities, floating structures, and dancing skulls crowd the seemingly mild and orthodox wildspace. Mystics and astrologers follow the actions of several of these "relevant" objects to create predictions of significance according to their movements and appearances in specific locations. Astrology is popular among several cultures on Toril, and this is where the astrological bodies' positioning really matters.

Predictions range from the births of kings to deaths of famed lords and wizards. Whether these astrological objects are really responsible for plagues and pivotal worldly happenings is a matter of debate. What people do not seem to realize is that coincidence and random chance are very strong forces in the universe.

Comet K'Thoutek

Nearly 300 miles in diameter, and consisting primarily of iron and frozen water, this comet is visible only when within 200 million miles of the Sun. It has a perihelion point of only 15 million miles, but it throws itself nearly 2,000 million miles out from the Sun. K'Thoutek seems to travel perpendicular to the planetary orbital paths, taking over 237 years to make one complete trip around the Sun.

The comet K'Thoutek once housed a fair-sized colony of oortlings on its surface, but in the last centuries, the illithids have removed them, placing them on the Rings of Glyth, where the illithids have begun their selective breeding techniques with the different humanoid races in the system.

The comet is now rumored to be haunted by the grand wizard of the K'Thoutek oortlings, who lived during the time of the great kidnap. He was killed by the illithids when the initial raid was conducted. This oortling haunt lives to assure that no one kills any more oortlings.

Haunt, oortling (1): Int 20; AL CG; AC -3; MV 6; HD 17; hp 94; THAC0 6; #AT 1; Dmg

weapon = 1d8; SA -2 Dex per touch, Spell casting as 17th-level mage; SZ M; ML 16; XP 2,000.

The haunt attempts to take over the body of anyone stepping into his domain, facilitating his rage, so that he can slay the illithids on the planet Glyth. He attempts to overthrow the body of the strongest character in the group. During this possession, the haunt does not act against the other characters, but tries to get them to follow him to Glyth in his attack. This is a stiff proposition due to the sheer number of mind flayers, but the haunt doesn't realize this, nor does it care.

Whenever the astrologers view the comet K'Thoutek, there is incredible variance in the predictions made. There is, however, a tendency to think that the emergence of this body in the visible Torilian skies warns of the impending birth or arrival of a very powerful entity. If the comet can be seen in the part of the sky that contains a nebulous body, this means that the foretold person is bound to be extremely evil.

The first time this comet was seen, astrologers predicted the birth of a powerful man whose fingers could weave magic with an ability like no other. Most of the astrologers believed the man was to be born in the Heartlands. Inevitably, this predestined man was Elminster.

The second coming of the comet K'Thoutek is equated with the birth of the Simbul, who also was predicted as a mage of great renown. When K'Thoutek emerged this time, it was on the verge of entering the Galleon Nebula. This gave the astrologers the impression that she could be either good or evil, but most likely evil.

The astrologers, with their astronomical charts, plot the motions of these bodies to produce predictions years in advance. After much debilitation, they have come to the conclusion that the next appearance of Comet K'Thoutek will be in the Galleon Nebula, signifying that the next potent person to enter the Realms is destined to be very evil. The astrologers hope that Elminster and the Simbul are still around to combat this impending menace.

Skull of the Void

This item is a free-standing astrological body; it does not revolve around any other object, nor is anything even close to it. Its constant and stationary position is about 50 million miles from the sphere. The Skull is 12 miles high and 10 miles wide, and shaped perfectly like a normal human head. It appears to be made completely of bone. Whenever this structure is damaged, it magically repairs itself. It also creates its own air which the inhabitants then breathe.

Secretly living inside the Skull of the Void is a colony of illithids who have corralled more than 100 beholders. These beholders have their eye stalks continually sliced off with immaculately cleaned blades so that they can never be used against their captors. Their large central eyes are branded with the markings of the illithid clan which owns them. This is used to assure that no illithid steals from another, and also effectively keeps the beholders blinded. The illithids are attempting to use their selective breeding techniques perfected on the humanoids to breed the ultimate beholder brain.

Beholders, possessing brains sometimes as large as four feet in diameter, are a cranial commodity that the illithids are unable to resist exploiting.

Currently, outside this laboratory, the beholders and the illithids have been able to work to-

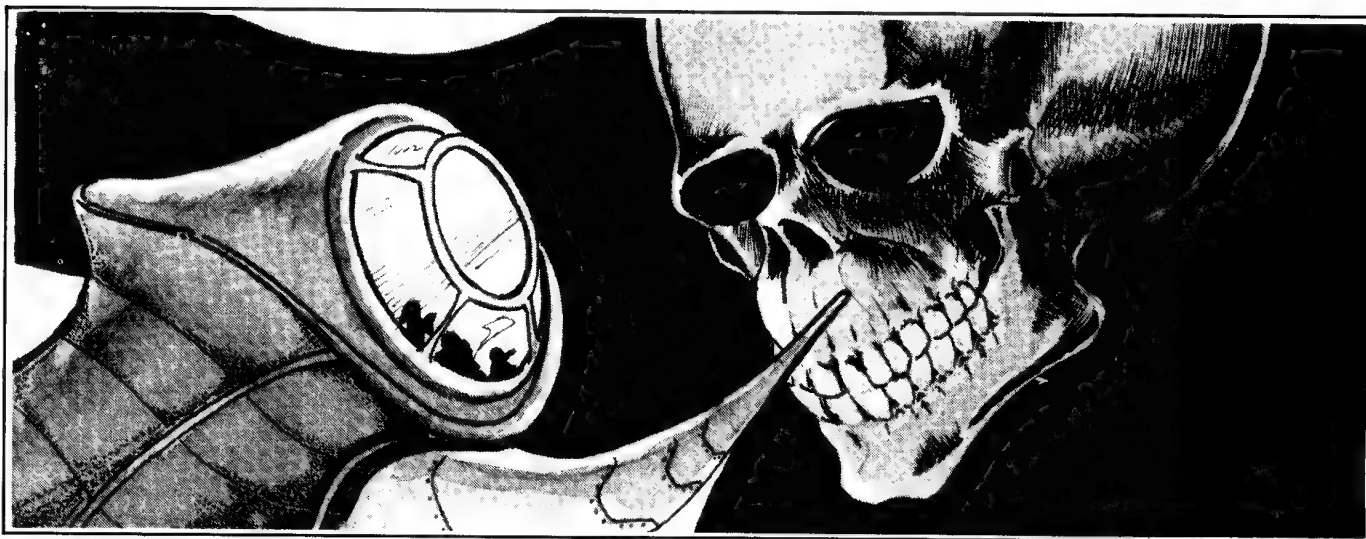
gether in a shaky detente, so this breeding laboratory is a well kept secret. Currently there are seven different species of beholders and beholder-kin forced to live their lives here in constant misery.

As an interesting side-effect of eating the brains of beholders, the illithid breeders living on the Skull of the Void have grown glands in their brains similar to those found in beholders. This gland allows the illithids to *levitate*.

This ability of these quasi-humanoids also gives them an improved base movement of 14, two greater than that of standard illithids. In recent generations, the Skull inhabitants have experienced great resentment and racial hatred from the illithids who do not possess this levitating ability.

Should anyone attack this mind flayer stronghold, the illithids will fight with all their might to keep it. Their whole culture is based on the consumption of beholder brains, and they know that is the source of their levitation abilities. To lose that would be a fate worse than death.

One aspect of their physiology that they do not understand is that this levitating property is now genetically imbedded in their genes, meaning that even if they stopped eating the beholder brains, their progeny would still gain the levitation properties of their parents. This makes them potent opponents. Luckily they have not gained the magic related to the beholders' eyes . . . yet.



Caer Windlauer

This majestic, beautiful castle has 10 huge spires stretching upwards of 100 feet or more. The grounds are well kept, and green broad-leaved vines spider-web the 20-foot tall guard walls. The castle is constructed of perfectly cut stone blocks, welded together with a white, chalky, cement-like substance.

This castle is in a slightly cometary orbit around the Sun. It gets as close to the sun as Coliar, but its perihelion point drifts out as far as Karpri. Its orbit sits at a 45-degree angle relative to Toril's orbit.

The grounds around the house stretch for thousands of acres. There are several thousand broad-leaved trees, with small streams running through them. There is a large pond in front of the castle, where several dozen geese make their home. The long grasses are green and very soft.

The rooms lining the central hallway are all very spacious and empty. Besides the torches and a single huge chair sitting at the end of the great hall, there is absolutely nothing anywhere in the castle. It completely lacks furniture, draperies, carpeting, tapestries, everything. It is as though everything had been previously stolen—everything, that is, except the huge chair.

The chair appears as if it has been created for use by a giant of some kind. The padding on the seat and back are made of the finest crushed velvet, while the armrests are completely wooden. The fronts of the armrests have carvings of open-mouthed leopards, and the legs of the chair depict the legs of a leopard. The top of the chair's back is an intricate carving that appears to be a map of some kind. Any character from Moonshae can recognize the carvings as being a map of the Trondheim area on Oman's Isle of Moonshae on Toril.

This castle originally was in Trondheim, but in recent history, the castle and its inhabitant completely vanished into thin air. Several years ago, the owner of this majestic castle was a very introverted man. He was timid of visitors, and feared that everyone was after his possessions and his life.

This fear was so strong, that it invaded every aspect of his life. Soon he turned his back on society altogether. The last time anyone saw him, he had purchased a *ring of three wishes* from an old friend of his. The *ring* had only two *wishes* left on it, but he still paid over 50,000 gold pieces for it. When he invoked the *wish*, it ended up using both *wishes*, because the first *wish* had to purposefully destroy the second *wish* to fulfill the requirements given to it.

He brought the *ring* to his house, and carefully wrote his *wish* onto paper, so that nothing could go wrong. After a week of deliberating, he felt he was done. He wished as follows: "I, Omar McDauphin, master of this castle, and lord of all the surrounding acreage, hereby wish for complete and total isolation from the world, so that no one on Toril can again rob my possessions, frighten my family, or harm me again, forever." He indeed got his wish.

- For his complete isolation, the *wish* sent him, his castle, and his undisputed lands into outer space, in orbit around the Sun.

- So that no one on Toril would again steal his possessions, everything he owned except his castle, his land, and a single chair was given to various charities that care for the poor.

- So no one would again harm him, or at least not easily, he became a stone giant with a magical *club +4*.

- His family now belongs to a group of villainous assassins called the Dark Moon that is very potent in the Moonshae Islands. No longer are they afraid: they now cause the fear.

- To assure that he would have total and complete isolation, the first *wish* destroyed the second *wish* on the ring, so that the man could never again *wish* to be back home.

Omar McDauphin, stone giant: Int Ave; AL NE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 14 + 1-3 hit points; hp 154; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 or by weapon (2-12+8+2); SA Hurling rocks for 3-30 (3d10); SD Immortal, special; SZ H; ML 16; XP 8,000.

Omar McDauphin is a very lonely man, but he prefers it that way. He mostly hides out in the far-removed sections of the castle. There he sits in a huddled corner, not speaking. He always carries

his *club* around with him, because he knows that eventually someone shall come to steal his house, or a few of the geese, or even his whole castle. In spite of the fact that this man is now immortal, he can die from combat. He cannot die from natural causes, old age, or disease.

In the few years that his castle has been in orbit, the grass and the trees have just started to encroach on the underside of his 2,000 acres of land. The waters that flow across his lands are magical in origin. They flow in a constant circle throughout the lands.

When his land suddenly raised off the island and drifted into space, Omar Island lost a large coastal section that quickly filled with ocean water. Today, that area is called Iron Keep Bay.

Galleon Nebula

This nebula looks very much like a large, multi-colored galleon ship. Its sails appear to blow in a celestial wind that does not exist. With mariner spyglasses, the oars on the sides of the ship can be seen rowing in their never-ending task. The nebulosity is two million miles long and high, and well over 100,000 miles wide. It is visible primarily during the autumn and early winter.

The Galleon Nebula sails around the heavens in a very slow orbit. It takes nearly 4,000 months for it to make a complete revolution around the celestial heavens. This nebula and the Color Spray Nebula are never seen together in the same sky. They orbit around the sun in the same orbit, with the same orbital period, but they are at opposite positions in that orbit.

The Galleon Nebula is a huge region of wild magic, a dangerous location for any spelljamming ship to enter. The wild magic causes the Ship's Rating to double every round, while the gravity plane shifts and wanes. Everyone on board must roll a Dexterity check every round, unless holding tightly to a solid section of the ship.

All magical items buzz with a tone so high, that they inflict 1d4 points of damage every turn to all living creatures within 20 feet. Once the spelljammer leaves the nebulosity, everything returns to normal, and the ship comes to a com-

plete stop, until the spelljamming helmsman returns to his station and regains a calm mind.

Astrologers believe that this nebula was placed in the heavens by the gods of magic to let the inhabitants of Toril know that spelljamming does exist, and that it is permissible to partake in this technology.

Others believe that the wild magic properties of the nebula warn that the wilds of space are too dangerous, and it is wrong for the Torilian inhabitants to dare it. This interpretation usually comes from isolationists.

Color Spray Nebula

This nebulosity looks very much like the effects of a *color spray* spell. It is a fan shaped object that is seen primarily during the spring and early summer. It is approximately two million miles long, with a width of one million miles at one end, and 100 feet at the other.

The worshipers of Mystra believe this to be a sign from their god, that their use of the magic that she awards them pleases her. The cult of Bane believes that the nebula is the wrath of their deity, spreading its way across the heavens. They believe that everything within its destructive path is utterly annihilated.

When this nebula is entered, a spelljamming crew will feel a slight tingling sensation. This tingling is actually the magic of the nebula at work. It *cures* all diseases that inflict the crew, but there is one side effect. Every time the Color Spray Nebula engulfs a living being, there is a one percent cumulative chance that the creature or character contracts a deadly cancer. This cancer can only be cured with a *wish*, *limited wish*, or *alter reality* spell. *Heal*, *cure disease*, or any other healing spell has no effect upon it.

This nebula sometimes drains magical items as well. Items of protection and abjuration, such as *rings of protection*, *armors of protection*, and even *cloaks of protection* find the magical emanations of the Color Spray Nebula non-sympathetic, and can lose a plus to protection during their stay in it. The item must survive a saving throw vs. crushing blow to refrain from losing some of its magic.

SPACEFEARING COMPANIES IN THE STARS

This is a composite of only a very few of the companies that the player characters might run into while in the wilds of Realspace. There are literally thousands of these groups in existence. Some have only one or two members, while others have hundreds or even thousands. In space, just as on planetside, it is ignorant to assume everyone out there is an enemy—nor is it safe to think they are all friends. Indifference is an important element to keep in mind when one first meets with a group of unknown persons.

The following critiques show the motivations of these companies are, as well as the major characters in each. The spells that are available for each spell caster are left up to the DM. It is plausible to assume that these individuals are expecting the worst. It is unwise to allow player characters to completely eradicate a company with ease.

Code Helm

This company resides within the third ring of the planet Glyth, unless they are transporting newly-freed humanoids to their former place of residence, which they often do. Having heard of the surprising number of humanoid cattle that the illithids are keeping on Glyth and the planet's rings, these brave men and women have set up an outpost there where they conduct raids against the ranchers in hopes of freeing the humanoids from their terrible fate. They finance their operation by thieving from the derelict illithid ships they leave behind after battle.

Originally, there were over 500 members of Code Helm, but their numbers have dwindled to 324 due to the many battles won and lost against the evil mind flayers. It is believed that over 1,000 humanoids have been saved from eventual death because of the never ending work of this group.

Many Code Helm members are specialty priests of the god Helm, while most, surprisingly, are paladins who actively worship other gods. The breastplates of all members have the open hand with the eye in the palm, the symbol of Helm. Under this rune is a depiction of a slain illithid lying in blood.

The current ruling member of Code Helm is:

- Easel Gifford of Amn (AL LG), a 21st-level paladin of Torm. Easel of Amn, as he is always called, has ST 18/23, IN 15, WS 16, CN 17, DX 13, CH 18. He always wears exquisitely polished platinum full plate mail, and a *ring of protection* +3. Easel wields a *long sword* +3 that he calls the "Fist of Obedience." The sword is intelligent, and has telepathic abilities with Easel. No one can lie without the sword recognizing the fabrication and telling Easel about it.

There is a strict hierarchy of rulership within the ranks of Code Helm. Usually the specialty priests are the leaders, but lately, the paladins and priests of other religions have been given equal chance to rule. This new rule was instigated because almost 80 percent of the Code Helm membership consists of non-Helm religions, too great a number to risk losing because of petty prejudice.

The specialty priests of Helm, as well as the paladins of all religions represented in this company, are granted a unique spell. This spell is awarded by Helm in addition to the spells the paladin receives from his own god. The spell is listed below for the DM's consideration.

Mental Prowess

(Abjuration)

Range: 20 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 2 rounds/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 20 yards/level

Saving Throw: None

This 3rd-level spell endows all living beings within the spell's range with a bonus of +6 to saving throws vs. all mind-affecting spells and spell-like abilities. This includes, but is not limited to, the mind flayer's mental blast capabilities. The god Helm gives this spell only to his specialty priests on the Rings of Glyth, as well as to paladins of all other gods who currently belong to the Code Helm company. There is no exception to this rule.

Seed-Beholder Company

This company of more than 30 merchant businessmen specializes in the care of beholder spores, most commonly called seeds. Seed-Beholder conducts much of its business around H'Catha in a large immobile and currently unique spelljamming ship close to the first moon. The ship looks like a giant fomorian, its exposed decks located on the throat and belly. There are several tattered and ripped sails spread about on its 200-foot length, attached to broken and sheared masts.

The Seed-Beholder Company has been in business for well over 100 years. The beholders, too concerned with the wars conducted between their different species, do not have the time or patience to worry about their spawn. This company was hired to provide the complete mothering of their youth. It is surprising how much time and energy is required to care for these infant beholders, but it is also a surprise how much these creatures are willing to pay for this unique service.

This merchant group is currently owned by Retyan, a lizard man from the planet Coliar. He left his home planet for wildspace years ago, to escape the continual bickering between the aarakocra and his own race.

The care of beholder spores is closely related to the care given to fungus, slime, or molds. They are stored in large open areas well out of light. The spores are kept moist at all times, and the air must have a great deal of warmth and humidity for them to grow properly. Within weeks, the spores break open, and the newly born beholder emerges. When hatched, these creatures are a full one foot in diameter. Within a month after birth, the beholder youth are sent back to their parent species, and a hefty fee is received from the beholders.

- Retyan (AL NN), a 5th-level fighter from Coliar. Retyan possesses the following attributes: ST 16, DX 16, CN 18, IN 8, WS 4, CH 15. He carries the following magical items about with him at all times: *plate +1*, *shield +1*, and a *vorpal long sword*. He became the leader of the mer-

chant group when the previous leader, a human merchant named Oli Hartburst, died of a heart attack. Many of the members of Seed-Beholder showed an interest in heading the group, but they did not possess as much money as Retyan did, so he was able to purchase more votes than they were.

He has kept the company in a stable money flow, profiting everyone involved, which is all the members want in the first place.

The membership of this company seems to change hands a lot, as one merchant decides to retire, and another eagerly takes his place. This constant feed of new blood, new ideas, and new faces has created a stable symbiotic relationship between the beholders and the company. In fact, nearly every beholder species actively seeks the company's support for the upbringing of their children, which does nothing but increase the incoming monies.

Emerald Brotherhood

This brave group of adventurers gained notoriety when, upon entering Realmspace seven years ago as neogi slaves, they defeated their cruel captors and destroyed a major neogi slavery operation in the meantime. The Brotherhood purchased their current ship from an arcane who was also a captive of the neogi at the time of their hair-raising escape.

After only 14 months of activity within Realmspace, slavers—and the neogi in particular—have learned fear at the mere sight of *Tyr's Strike*, the viper ship of the Emerald Brotherhood. The neogi currently have a bounty in excess of 50,000 gp for the person or persons who can bring the members of this company to "justice." The feat may be easier said than done, because the Brotherhood are also masters at hiding.

The Brotherhood joined forces officially for the first time over four years ago to save the Thornwood and its resident druids from an invading tribe of gnolls. Their fame on Toril continued when they became known as vicious lycanthrope hunters in the lands east and south

of Amn and Tethyr. They were last reported on a quest for a local king along the Deepwash. Their mission was to hunt and kill three evil dragons. The party never succeeded in this task, for they were abducted into space in 1359 by the crew of the illithid slaver, *Mind Ripper*. They were exploring in the Snowflake mountain range at that time. Since they have never been seen on Toril since, it is common belief there that they are dead.

The current members of the Emerald Brotherhood are as follows:

- Gehrm (AL LG), a 9th-level paladin of Tyr. Gehrm, the captain of *Tyr's Strike* and the unquestioned leader of the Emerald Brotherhood, has ST 18(84), DX 16, CN 15, IN 13, WS 15, CH 17. He possesses *plate mail +1*, *shield +1*, *boots of speed*, and a *vorpal long sword*.

Gehrm is an open and friendly fellow, his full black beard often holding a smile. Many of the treasures seized from various slavers are used by Gehrm and his wife Kalia to fund the building of Tyr's first temple away from Toril. Gehrm is steadfastly devoted to his cause and crew mates and fights to the death for any and all of them.

- Kalia (AL LG), an 8th-level cleric of Tyr and Torm. She has ST 16, DX 17, CN 14, IN 13, WS 18, CH 15. She possesses the following magical items: *flail +1*, *cloak of protection +3*, *flameton-gue*, and a *staff of curing* (14 charges). Kalia's greatest strength is her inner serenity which, in conjunction with her wide, innocent green eyes, lulls many foes into underestimating this woman. Though peaceful and caring with her healing arts, she can become a fierce tigress when confronted. Kalia is the primary helmsman for the viper ship.

- Dairn (AL CG), 7th-level fighter/6th-level mage. Dairn has ST 18(58), DX 18, CN 16, IN 16, WS 13, CH 14. He constantly carries a *short bow +1*, *wand of fire* (16 charges), *wand of frost* (44 charges), and *bracers AC 4*.

Dairn, a gray elf from the Forest of Tethyr, fell in with the Emerald Brotherhood early in his adventuring career and considers his human companions family, though he favors the company of Zadfrac, his half brother, and Thya. Dairn's

long white hair hangs loosely over his mage's robes. Dairn usually sings to himself, but his cheerful singing becomes steel-edged concentration in battle. He shares with Thya a particular hatred of the neogi because of their harsh treatment at the hands of the spider-like slavers.

- Zadfrac (AL CG), 7th-level fighter/7th-level thief. His attributes are ST 17, DX 19, CN 14, IN 14, WS 14, CH 15. He carries a *golden lion figurine of power*, *leather +3*, and a *long sword of wounding*.

Zadfrac, the younger brother of Dairn, is the unrelenting prankster of the Brotherhood. His elven mischief has caused much embarrassment for Kalia, whom Zadfrac thinks is "too serious . . . just too serious." Much of his gear has a feline motif, and he tends to wear green and black. Despite his mischief, he and his sole surviving *golden lion* are staunch allies in melee.

Tyr's Strike

The viper ship owned by the Emerald Brotherhood has been modified with a major helm. The jettison weapon was removed and the area converted into a cabin. A total of 1d12 mage shots are kept constantly available for the light catapult. The forward ballista weapon has been enchanted to increase the chance to hit by +1.

The ship can generally be found patrolling the areas between Anadia and Toril, unless the crew has been hired to pursue a job in another crystal sphere. Their main port-of-call is in the Tears of Selune, where there is a partially constructed temple to Tyr on an isolated planetoid. This asteroid serves as a base for the company as well.

The Gauntlet

This company considers itself the police force of the Tears of Selune. Their ship continually trolls through the small planetoids looking for the evil doers that make space travel unsafe. These actions have been going on for nearly seven years, with the same crew being involved. Luckily, they have yet to suffer any casualties or debilitating injuries. The neogi are convinced that their luck is about to run out.

Gauntlet's claim to fame is the complete eradication of a neogi slave trade operation on an asteroid close to Selune. There, nearly 100 neogi were selling and buying umber hulks, as well as a few "conditioned" humanoids from the illithid altering farms.

Swooping down from the sky, this updated scorpion ship (also called the *Gauntlet*), destroyed all of the buildings and killed nearly all the neogi and illithids there. Several escaped with their lives to report this action to others of their kind. This has created a bounty that exceeds 100,000 gp to date. Needless to say, the neogi have not just stood by and taken this continual punishment. They have built several more trading posts in the Tears which are now more secretly and defensively placed than usual.

The members of Gauntlet are as follows:

- Kyriel Alathar Pellinore, son of Chiros Pellinore, Third Lord of Everlund, and proud servant of Tyr (AL LG), is a 16th-level paladin. Known by his friends as Kyr, he possesses ST 18/97, DX 18, CN 18, IN 16, WS 15, CH 17. He has a *sword of enemy detection 60'* +3, *plate mail of continual cleanliness* +2, and a *ring of spell turning*.

Kyriel once stood on the council of six elders for the city of Everlund, as well as being a member of the Lord's Alliance. His official title was Elder of Everlund, but he felt he was too young to be an elder, so he never fully accepted the title. While serving the people, an illithid slave ship came and captured nearly 200 persons, including his wife and three children.

Angered by the council's refusal and inability to do anything about this atrocity, he resigned from his post and sought the blue-skinned giants to purchase the spelljamming equipment he required to pursue the intrepid slavers. It was during his quest for the arcane that he ran into the other soon-to-be members of Gauntlet.

Kyriel is a paladin, but he is driven by an incredible hatred for those who imprison innocent people. The fact that his family was never found only increases this anger. He has forgotten how to laugh and smile. He is completely dedicated to the extermination of all slave trade within the

regions of Realmspace.

- Ansalok (AL LG), a 3rd-level paladin, has ST 17, DX 18, CN 18, IN 15, WS 13, CH 16. He is Kyriel's apprentice. He carries no magical items except a *long sword* +2 and *ring mail* +1.

- Cambrigha (AL LG), 10th-level mage. She possesses ST 10, DX 16, CN 16, IN 18, WS 15, CH 17.

This beautiful woman is one of the three mages who take turns at the helm of the *Gauntlet*. She is riveted to her cause, freedom for all who are oppressed. She is as firm in her dedication as Kyriel, but she has time to laugh and joke around. She usually keeps her feelings from others, but deep inside she is a hopeless romantic. She believes there is good in every creature, and that it takes someone special to pull it out of the more evil ones.

- Savion with the Eleven Fingers (AL LG), 16th-level invoker, possesses ST 12, DX 15, CN 18, IN 18, WS 16, CH 15.

This man's most noticeable feature is the six fingers on his right hand. He claims these to be the reaction to a *regeneration* spell gone awry many years ago. He is very intelligent, and seems to have a knack for predicting the movements of slave traders. Truth be known, he once was a slaver himself, but nearly 15 years ago, he removed himself from the business. He does not willingly tell this dark side of his past to anyone else in the group. No one has asked him specifically if he is a former slaver, so he tells no one.

- Vom of the Protectorate (AL LG), 21st-level abjurer, possesses ST 12, DX 16, CN 16, IN 18, WS 18, CH 16.

Vom is a long-time friend of Savion, which is how he came to become a member of the Gauntlet. He belonged to a group of mages called the Fist of Antiquity, who were attempting to stamp out evil along the borders of the Dalelands. Sadly, he was attending a bonding between his son and daughter-in-law when a horde from the Zhentarim killed the rest of the members of the Fist. Since that time, he hasn't taken any actions against Zhentil Keep, because he lacks the offensive magic to harm them.

Vom is a wry old man well into his nineties. His soft skin looks not a day over 40, but his greying beard tells the true story. He used to indulge in *potions of youth* until he caught an allergic reaction to them. Now he is unable to use them again.

- Liasa (AL CG), 19th-level specialty priest of Lliira, possesses ST 11, DX 12, CN 18, IN 17, WS 18, CH 17.
- Sunea (AL LG), 16th-level specialty priestess of Sune, possesses ST 13, DX 14, CN 16, IN 18, WS 18, CH 18.
- Kierie (AL NG), 17th-level specialty priest of Lathander, possesses ST 14, DX 17, CN 17, IN 17, WS 18, CH 16.

The following mages are the apprentices of the three mages of the Gauntlet. They are as follows:

- Alekra (AL CG), 3rd-level abjurer, possesses ST 16, DX 16, CN 16, IN 16, WS 15, CH 17.
- Vicales (AL NG), 4th-level invoker, possesses ST 10, DX 15, CN 16, IN 17, WS 18, CH 16.
- Nogard (AL LN), 1st-level mage, possesses ST 17, DX 12, CN 14, IN 17, WS 16, CH 16.
- Sarden the Courser (AL LG), 6th-level invoker, possesses ST 18, DX 17, CN 17, IN 17, WS 12, CH 15.
- Chare (AL CG), 7th-level abjurer, possesses ST 15, DX 16, CN 16, IN 18, WS 10, CH 17.
- Sharondel (AL LG), 8th-level mage, possesses ST 9, DX 10, CN 14, IN 18, WS 18, CH 12.

The three main mages in this company all carry *wands of lightning bolts* (2d6 charges). When they attack someone, they mean it. If there is evil to stamp out, there is no pity to be served, because evil shows no pity to those it stamps out.

The three priests carry *rods of cancellation* (3d4 charges), which they use only when they absolutely have to. Recharging these items is ineffectual, so they are very valuable.

During times of war, these 14 people work wonderfully together, like a finely oiled machine. During times of boredom and peace, the mages tend to bicker at each other, attempting to convince the others that their magical ways are the only proper magic to study.

The priests, on the other hand, are overly polite to each other; this ultra-sweetness drives the mages crazy. The paladins, except for Kyriel, find the whole company quite amusing. Kyriel cannot find humor in anything any longer.

Upkeep on the rigging and sails, as well as general ship repairs, are all performed by the six mage apprentices and the paladin apprentice. The paladin usually assists in the rigging only when one of the chief mages has called his apprentice over for some special duty.

Luckily, this group of adventurers has never run into the infamous *Batship* as of yet. It would truly be a landslide defeat for the *Gauntlet* should that day every occur. Usually, the *Batship* hides whenever the *Gauntlet* approaches its area. Burnayette, the *Batship's* helmsman, has no desire to fight a ship full of mages.

The Gauntlet's ship is a scorpion, which is fully detailed in the SPELLJAMMER™ accessory *Wildspace*. All of the weaponry has been magically enhanced, increasing the chance to hit by +1. The catapult on the tail of the scorpion ships has been modified further, with a 360-degree turret, while the lower weapon is modified with a 270-degree turret which gives it an incredible circle of attack possibilities, without allowing it to hit the tail.

The Enforcers

This group of lawful characters tends to take law and punishment into its own hands. They have been found throughout the Realms' wildspace, occasionally even in the Tears of Selune where the Gauntlet company spends most of its time.

The *raison d'être* for this group is throughout the outer three planets, Glyth, Garden, and H'Catha. They have been trying to bring the infamous pirate, Clive, from the planet Garden to meet their brand of justice, but they have been

completely unsuccessful. Meanwhile, the company has been actively exterminating the illithid hordes on Glyth, while trying to stay just out of reach of the horrifying beholder craft surrounding H'Catha.

The members of the Enforcers are as follows:

- Frollth (AL NG), an 8th-level ranger. This lizard man has ST 17, DX 14, CN 18, IN 17, WS 15, CH 12. He has no magical items whatsoever.

He was born on a squid ship approximately 25 million miles away from the sun. His parents on Coliar were able to arrange for their egg to be placed on the ship, so that the sun would warm the egg dramatically, assuring that their offspring, Frollth, would turn out to be genetically superior to themselves. The warming did indeed increase his intelligence dramatically.

He created the Enforcers when several of his friends were reportedly captured by the illithids and never heard from again. That was when he found the derelict angel ship, named it the *Enforcer*, and recruited several other crew members to help reconstruct and man the wreck.

Frollth is currently married to two lizard women, and has fathered 12 children, all of whom reportedly live on Coliar.

- Murray Coldstare (AL NG). This frost giant has ST 21, DX 18, CN 18, IN 10, WS 9, CH 14.

Murray is the first mate on the *Enforcer*. He is also considered by all who are in the company as the bouncer. He usually has a pleasant personality, but when he gets angry, someone gets hurt.

As a crew member, he is in control of all catapult actions. He does not, however, use a catapult. He physically throws the boulders and stones at the enemy ships with incredible accuracy. He has a THACO of 5, and each stone inflicts 2d10 points of damage to living creatures, while causing 1d2 points of hull damage to a ship. Often, he causes damage to both with a single thrown stone.

Unlike most of his brethren, Murray is not evil, but he is still somewhat crude in his mannerisms, with belching and breaking wind being his trademark on the *Enforcer*. He still is a kind fellow for the most part. He would risk his own

life if one of his companions needed help, but they usually have to plead for his assistance, unless Frollth is the one in need.

He is almost 150 years old, which means that anyone successfully killing him would gain 8,000 experience points, and the undying hatred of the rest of the *Enforcer's* crew. His long silvery-white hair and beard, along with his 21-foot tall frame, stand out so well that he can be spotted from miles away.

There are nine other permanent crew members on the *Enforcer*. These people include three mages of the 3rd level, two priests of 5th level, and four fighters of 8th level. These men and women perform general maintenance on the ship, as well as combat for the protection of the ship. The fighters man the weapons during combat, while the priests run about administering healing to needy crew members. The mages throw combative spells whenever they can.

The Enforcer

The *Enforcer* is a reconditioned angel ship. The weapons are still in working condition, but the ship has undergone a slight change. The cargo doors of the aft hold have been removed so that the frost giant, Murray, can get easy access to his stones. In fact, the floor of the aft hold has been removed as well, which makes the rocks and boulders suspend themselves around the gravity plane. This creates a larger cargo area, which allows the giant to store more stones than he ever could hope to throw in one week. The aft hold can contain over 21,000 cubic feet of boulders if filled to capacity. The masts have been removed to provide a clear field of vision and fire. Often, the giant can be seen loading the cargo hold with rocks and boulders they come across during their travels. He loves to catch the rocks that happen to sail by from battles long ago. He also spends most of his time planetside collecting rocks, while the rest of the *Enforcer's* crew catches up on rest and relaxation.

SPACEFARING COMPANIES IN THE STARS



ADVENTURING IDEAS

This is a list of small adventures that take characters to the weird and unusual places in Realmspace. Most of these can be played in a single evening or afternoon of gaming. They can be thrown into a larger campaign as a plot reliever should the action get too heavy or a bit tiring.

Most of the scenarios below have the capacity to springboard whole campaigns as well. They can even be used as relief at the end of a long campaign, as the characters head back home, or as they travel to a space port for supplies and repairs.

Scenario 1

A halfling governor from around the Hillsfar area on Toril asks the player characters to take him to the Northern Polarate of the planet Anadia. Being on a mission of foreign relations, he realizes he must pay a good price for the transportation, but he is not authorized to spend more than 5,500 gp. Once the planet Anadia is reached, the Clamming Clan from the Southern Polarate attacks the PCs' ship with a freshly stolen spelljamming tradesman ship.

Tradesman ship: Ton 25; HIPTs 25; Crew 18; MCD; AR 5; Sa Thick Wood; Power Minor Helm; Arm Lt Catapult, Med Ballista; Keel 120'; Beam 30'.

Halfling, Anadian: Int Highly; AL Any; AC 6 (10); MV 6 (9); HD 1-2; hp 1d6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 weapon; SZ S (3(FRA)1/2'); ML 11; XP 35 each.

The Clamming Clan is looking to capture another spelljammer so they can force their rule upon the whole planet, including the peace-loving Northern Polarate. If the PCs' ship is captured, they will be chained up, and imprisoned somewhere on the planet indefinitely, while their ship is the focus for the attack on the north pole. The DM is encouraged to give the PCs a way to escape from their prison if this should happen. If the tradesman is scared off, the PCs can land in the Northern Polarate, where negotiations ensue successfully. Do not

allow the characters to blow up the tradesman ship yet.

When the characters get to the northern hemisphere of the planet, they are well cared for, but they are followed by at least four halfling guards at all times. When the PCs finally leave, without the Torilian halfling liaison (who stays behind to tour the Anadian world fully), they run into the tradesman ship again, which has been fully repaired. This time, allow the characters to blow the ship up if they want to, or you can have it run away. This makes the crew a permanent enemy of the characters, so it can come around at the worst possible times to thwart the PCs' spy missions, or to blow their cover whenever possible.

Scenario 2

While approaching the space surrounding the Tears of Selune, the characters come across a ship that looks very much like a living bat. (See the New Ships section of this book for full details on this monstrosity.) The ship approaches them with the intent of piracy. The ship uses its normal tactics for the capture of the character's ship.

The Batship: Ton 45; HIPTs 45; Crew 12; MC A; AR 3; SA Special; Power Unique Box-Helm; Arm 4 Lt Ballista, Quasi-Breath Weapon; SD Spell Reflection; Keel 180'; Beam 30'.

Remember that some spells are reflected back to the caster because of the *sails of spell reflection*. This applies to area effect spells and spells that miss their target. If the characters manage to deliver 10 hull points or more to the ship, it disengages combat and returns to the asteroid cluster called the Tears. If the *Batship* is pursued, it flies into the densest concentration of asteroids to avoid pursuit. The characters are unable to follow the *Batship* through this area unless they have a maneuverability class of A.

If the characters' ship is conquered or if they give up, the pirates board the ship and take everything they find of value. If the characters performed admirably in their quest to save their ship, the main pirate of the *Batship* offers all the brave characters a place of prestige on his ship.

If they refuse, he is disappointed, but he departs with the remaining living members of his crew, flying back into the Tears where they disappear, seemingly into thin air.

Scenario 3

While drifting about the planet Karpri, the characters see a small dark spot on the southern pole of the planet. When this is investigated, they see that it is the remains of a crashed gnomish sidewheeler. When the PCs land, they are immediately attacked by a remorhaz.

Remorhaz: Int Animal; AL N; AC Overall 0, head 2, underbelly 4; MV 12; HD 10; hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg bite 5d6; SA Swallow whole, heat lash; SD Melt metal; MR 75%; SZ G; ML 14; XP 4,000 (+1,000 per Hit Die).

If the characters manage to kill this hungry monster or manage to scare it away, they hear a cheer rise from the gnomish sidewheeler. Out of its hold pour several dozen gnomes who run to the characters, thanking them for saving their lives.

Once the formalities and congratulations are over, the gnomes become enthralled with the character's ship. They swarm over it, asking the characters if there is anything that needs to be fixed. If the characters allow the gnomes to touch anything, roll a saving throw vs. crushing blow to see whether each item still works.

The gnomes ask whether the characters can give them a ride to anywhere in the Heartlands of Toril. If they agree, the gnomes reward the characters with little machines from their derelict sidewheeler. Needless to say, none of these items works, but they do look neat. If the characters demand money, the gnomes pool all their money together, which amounts to only 1,000 gp. That is all the wealth this gnomish community has.

Scenario 4

As the characters leave Karpri with or without the gnomes (assuming they ran through Scenario 3), they come across a group of buoyed el-

ven ships in orbit, about 150,000 miles up, slowly revolving around the planet. These consist of seven very archaic man-o-war ships bolted and welded together. The ships share a common gravity plane, and all of the weapons on them point out toward open space.

On these ships are 30 ghosts whose purpose is to make sure the base never falls into the hands of the enemy. An enemy, unfortunately, is anyone who is not elven. They first show themselves to scare the invaders off.

Ghost (30): Int Highly; AL LE; AC 0 or 8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 44; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg Age 10-40 years; SA Special; SD Special; SZ M; ML Special; XP 7,000 each.

If the characters manage to rid these ships of the ghost infestation, they are now in possession of seven elven man-o-wars. These ships, however, are smaller than their modern counterparts.

Archaic man-o-war (7): Ton 50; HlPts 50; Crew 10/50; MCD; AR 8; SA Ceramic; Power Minor helm; Arm 2 Med ballistae; 2 Med catapults; Cargo 30 tons; Keel 175'; Beam 20'.

In order for these ships to function, the wings have to be trimmed back, and a mage or priest must take the minor helm. If these ships are taken, any elves who come across the characters attempt to purchase the ship. If that fails, they use every tactic they possess to destroy the ships, with the characters in them if need be. The ships are objects from the elven past, and the elves do not want these articles coming into the ownership of non-elves.

Scenario 5

In a decaying orbit around Chandos, the characters see an old tradesman ship, covered by a layer of dust over a foot deep. On this ship are skeletons of a dozen humans and two orcs. The skulls of the humans each have holes in them that are about one inch in diameter. All their possessions are still intact, with the exception of all valuables such as money, gems, and jewelry.

In the captain's quarters on the cargo deck,

there is a log that was meticulously maintained. The log explains where the ship went, the cargo they took on, how much they spent, and how much they received. Everything is here, including every battle they fought.

In fact, the last log entry describes a battle with two nautiloids, one called the *Mind Sphinx*, and the other the *Skull Crusher*. The log's last entry was penned hurriedly, and is very hard to read. "The *Skull Crusher* came for another blow against our second ship, *Lliira's Child*. I could see the helmsman clinging to the nautiloid's tentacles as they sheared through the tradesman's deck. I could see his mouth open as though he were screaming; the silence of space muting his dying lips. *Lliira's Child* headed for the planet below as its orbit broke, with the *Skull Crusher* following behind for a short while.

"Then both nautiloids came after us. It wasn't long before my crew, as well as I, gave up and sealed our fate. I close this entry with a prayer for my comrades on *Lliira's Child*. I pray you survive the unknowns that lurk below. I, Moab Silverbeard, captain of the *Lady's Charm*, hereby close this log." That is the extent of the log entry.

If the characters decide to go down to the surface of the planet, please refer to the Chandos chapter in this book. Merely setting a ship down on its surface is dangerous, as the current inhabitants discovered to their peril. If the PCs circle the planet, there is a one percent chance per day of locating either the humans, the dwarves, or the orcs that live there. Each of these groups hates the others with a passion. When either the humans or the dwarves see a spelljamming ship, they flag it down, if they can, and attack in order to capture it. The orcs, on the other hand, ask if they can hitch a ride back to their home land, which happens to be Toril. They do not know where that is, but they want to go there.

Scenario 6

While approaching Glyth, the characters see a Class A planetoid slowly revolving around the planet. It is an egg-shaped moon that has a very dark surface with no atmosphere. Suddenly

from the southern pole of the moon, a squid ship appears, coming directly at the character's ship. It begins lobbing weaponry at the PCs' ship with intent of destruction. The characters can either fight back or run away.

The squid ship has been modified by the illithids to work as a series helm. This gives them a SR of 3. The characters, however, do not see the illithids until they are within one hex distance from them. If the illithids are successful in winning the battle, they capture the characters, sending them to the planet, where they are thrust into a community of other humanoids, where they become new breeding material. They can either stay there and be content with their new profession, or they can escape.

The DM should make escape possible but still difficult. The illithids do not go to the planet's surface during the day. This should be the perfect time to make their escape.

Scenario 7

The characters approach Garden, a planet spiraling around the sun in complete serenity. They can stop here to purify their air supply, and to collect water and small animals. They can also dump their biodegradables here as well. As they leave the planet's gravity well, they see three other ships come from among the asteroids that make up the planet's surface.

These ships belong to the pirates living within the planet's interior. On board are 50 pirates, including Clive the Fearsome. The pirates man a wasp, a tradesman, and a locust ship. The pirates are not after the characters' ship, nor are they after their valuables—they are merely after the characters themselves. During the last year, the pirates have suffered unusually high casualties, and they are looking for more members. If the characters fire upon the pirates, they fire back, but only in retaliation.

If one of the pirate ships is able to enter the characters' air envelope, one of the pirates yells, "Ahoy! We wish only to speak our minds!"

If the characters refuse an audience, the pirates leave them alone, and they never again ap-

proach the PCs, unless at a later date, the pirates are after their cargo. If the characters allow the pirates to moor their ships to their own, the pirates board, leaving their weapons behind. The pirates explain that they have suffered great losses in their crews because of an unsuccessful battle with several elven armadas, and they are looking for more members and more ships. They are openly inviting the characters to join their cause. If they refuse, the pirates apologize for wasting their time, and they immediately leave. If the characters agree and do join, the pirates pull out a barrel of ale, and toast to the newest members of "Clive's Few."

If any of the character's alignments disagree with this life style, they may suffer an alignment change, unless they are there to bring Clive the Fearsome to Toril for his arraignment and eventual trial. If they do capture this man, another Clive takes his place, and the old Clive reverts to his original name.

Scenario 8

The characters run across an elven flitter called *Ereva's Clutch*. This sad and damaged ship is spiraling through space, one wing broken off, and the spelljamming helm completely broken and useless. The mast and sails are in complete ruin. On board is one drow elf who is currently unconscious from the ship's foul air envelope. He is cloaked in a greenish robe that covers his whole body.

Elven flitter: Tonnage 1; HlPts 1; Crew 1; MC B; AR 8; Sa Ceramic; Power Minor helm (broken); Arm None; Cargo 1,000 pounds (empty); Keel 20'; Beam 5'.

On board, there is a quasit as well, who does nothing but cause problems for everyone it runs into. The quasit is the materialization of a curse from an evil wizard.

Quasit: Int Low; AL CE; AC 2; MV 15; HD 3; hp 24; THACO 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4; SA Poisonous claws; SD Invisibility, detect good, detect magic at will; MR 25%; SZ T; ML 8; XP 650 each.

The claws of the quasit causes a one-point Dexterity loss for 2d6 rounds. These effects are cumulative. All this little monster likes to do is pull pranks and cause general mayhem. It is carnivorous, preferring to eat small live animals than dead or prepared foods. Once this little creature has been on board for a day or so, the characters find that their whole rat population has been completely eradicated. Once the rats are gone, the quasit begins eating the food stores, or the exposed arms, legs, faces and feet of the characters. It never under any circumstance bites the drow mage.

The drow elf regains consciousness 10 minutes after returning to clean air. He is dressed in a green mage robe, but he has a definite liability. He is quite blind.

Dostrealt, 12th-level drow mage. ST 13, IN 18, WS 16, CN 14, DX 17, CH 17. He has a *ring of protection* +3, *rod of blind walking*, and two spell books. The spell books are not written in magical writings at all. In fact, when they are inspected, there are no words at all. There are, however, raised dots, dashes, and curves which can be felt when a finger is gently passed over them. That is how the blind mage Dostrealt reads and regains his spells. The *rod of blind walking* allows him to walk about without running into objects. He also carries with him a piccolo and a flute.

Unlike most drow, Dostrealt cannot Move Silently, Hide in Shadows, or Climb Walls. He can, however, Hear Noise 85% of the time. This skill is so high because he must constantly use his hearing, his sight being completely gone. Also because of his blindness, he is unaffected by spells and spell-like abilities that require the ability to see by the recipient; the medusae *flesh to stone* stare, for example, is completely ineffective upon him. He is not affected by sunlight like his sighted drow brethren. This allows him to function in full sunlight, as well as in the darkness.

The spells that he uses are those that do not require sight, which include a few unique ones. His first spell book has the following spells: *know school*, *Snilloc's heat-seeking snowball*, *de-*

castave, ghost pipes, Quimby's enchanting gourmet, dispel silence, paralyze, skull watch, Caligarde's claw, Spendelard's chaser, ironguard, secure, Snilloc's heat-seeking major missile, spell trap, spell engine, and sunburst. The second book has more common spells in it.

The listed spells above that have the words "heat-seeking" are spells that have been altered slightly by Dostrealt so that they work as well as his sighted counterparts' spells. There is no reason that he should be limited in his spell casting just because he is blind. There are several spells, however, like *magic mirror*, for example, that he is never able to use.

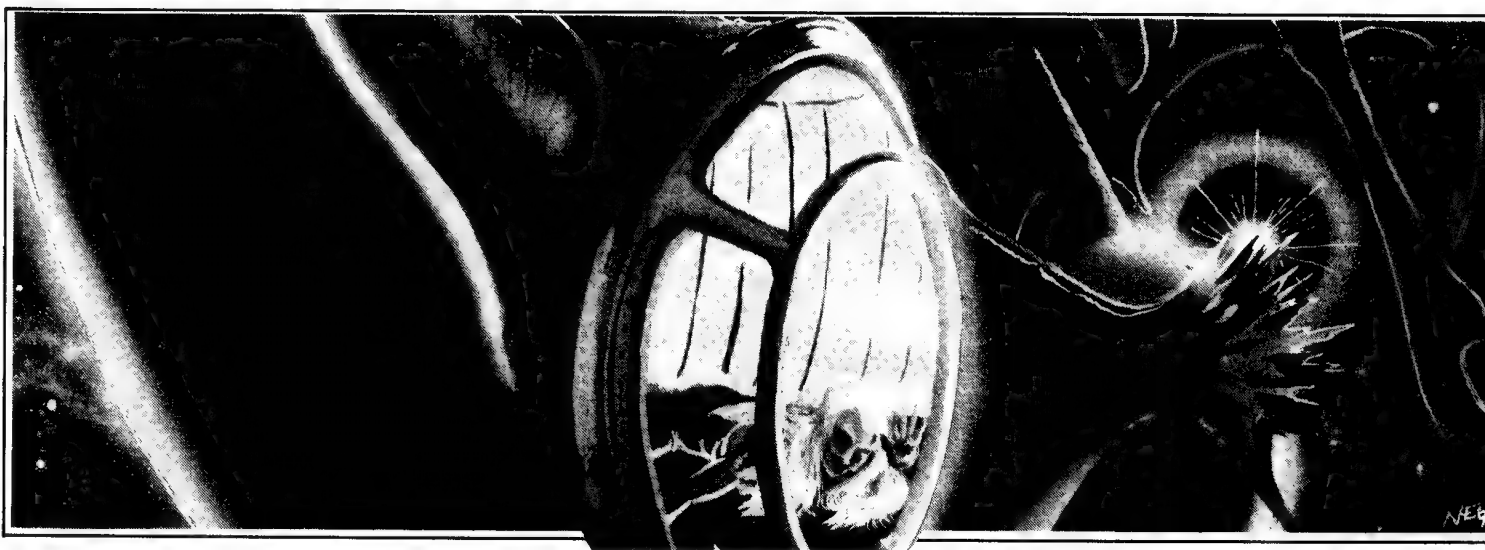
If the characters question Dostrealt, he claims, truthfully, that he was a member of a drow elven armada. When they attacked a neogi mind spider ship, a human mage aboard cast a *curse* upon two random targets on the armada. Since he was unable to dodge spell effects like the rest of the crew because of his blindness, Dostrealt was the recipient of one of these *curses*. The *curse* was unable to be lifted, so to alleviate the threat for the rest of the ship, he abandoned himself in an elven flitter. He apologizes terribly to the characters because the *curse* is now on their ship. If the characters ask what the *curse* is, the drow is unable to say, because he has not seen it.

The *curse* that the human mage cast upon Dostrealt materialized into an actual creature

which is why the *remove curse* was ineffective, since the *curse* was no longer something intangible. The only way to lift the *curse* is for a non-drow to fully accept and vocally admit that the drow is a friend. Until that happens, the quasit terrorizes the crew and their ship. Below, find the usual pranks that the quasit performs.

- The quasit loves to remain invisible at all times.
- It trips and pushes as often as possible. One trick it loves, is to push a mage who is not performing spelljamming duty into the helm, so that as he tries to catch his balance, his hand brushes the helm, thus expending all his spell casting ability immediately for that day.
- Whenever the helm is unattended, a perceptive character notices several small three-toed footprints all over the chair.
- The quasit also loves to goose people and then run away giggling.
- One thing that it does sheerly out of boredom is ruin sails and ropes, lowering maneuverability by one class.

Until at least one character has accepted this blind drow, the quasit continues its pranks. Once he is accepted, the quasit disappears into its plane of origin. The characters can then accept the drow as a permanent partner if they choose. If not, he dispatches himself at the next available spot.



Rudder of Propulsion

This item is used strictly by the Kara Tur empire of Wa to propel the tiny gun ships they call locusts. The *rudder of propulsion* gives these spelljamming ships a maneuverability class of A, while giving it a speed of 6. The *rudder* looks just like a normal rudder one would expect to see on any watercraft found in the east.

The *rudder* creates a force of +1 gravities behind the *rudder*, pushing the ship away from this gravitational excess and thereby giving it the propulsion it requires. The *rudder* costs an average of 3,000 gp, assuming a person can find a citizen of Wa willing to die for treason in order to earn a mere 3,000 gp.

There are limitations to the item, however. It gets absolutely no saving throw vs. fire. This is a dangerous side effect, which makes manning the locusts, or any other ship a *rudder* is attached to, somewhat hazardous. The item is able to propel a ship smaller than two tons and larger than one-half ton, whether in water, phlogiston, or wildspace. The *rudder* is able to propel the ship through the phlogiston at spelljamming speeds as well.

The item does not have power sufficient to allow it to escape the gravity well of a planetary body greater than size A, because these bodies have a gravitational force of one gravity, while the *rudder* produces an equal force for propulsion. These two forces cancel each other out. This does not mean that the ship would then fall to the planet, invoking instant death at the end of the fall. There would be a equal balance between the two, which would make the ship levitate.

If the pilot desired, he could land on such a planet, or continually fly about at any altitude desired. The only problem is, that the ship attached to the *rudder* could never leave the planet without outside help, nor could it ever fly upward. The only possible flight directions would be down or sideways.

If more than one *rudder* is attached to any one ship without a spelljamming helm, every pair cancels each other out. If an odd number is used, the unpaired *rudder* supplies the standard

power. If a *rudder* is bolted onto a ship with a spelljamming helm, there are a number of side effects. The magic in the helm, not being sympathetic with the magic in the *rudder*, causes one of the following effects to occur.

Roll/Result

- 01-10 The helmsman suffers from spelljammer shock.
- 11-50 The helm works at -1 SR for every *rudder* on board, to a minimum of 0, until the *rudders* are removed.
- 51-60 The *rudders* explode, inflicting 1d4 points of damage to all within 20 feet.
- 61-65 The ship moves straight ahead at an SR of 30. Nothing can stop it until the *rudders* are removed. Once removed, they lose their magic.
- 66-80 The gravity plane of the ship is reversed for 1d10 segments. Then the magic of the *rudders* dispels, rendering them useless.
- 81-98 The helm simply does not function until the *rudders* are removed.
- 99-00 The spelljamming helm melts, the mage suffering 1d10 points of heat damage. The helm is forever useless. The *rudders* still function.

Horn of Voices

This item is used by the various cultures on the planet Coliar as a way to project the voice to a large area without the necessity of screaming to be heard. Everyone capable of hearing is able to hear the speaker from a distance up to one mile. The voice is not overbearingly loud to those nearest to the *horn*. In fact, they hear the voice with the same clarity and the same volume as those one mile away.

The *horn* needs only be placed to the lips and spoken through. There are no command words to activate the item. The only problem is that unless the *horn* is kept in an airtight sack or box, it projects all noises to a distance of one mile without the owner's realizing it, making it impossible to surprise anything. *Horns* are priced at 1,250 gp on Coliar, and 5,250 gp everywhere else.

Spectacles of True Seeing

These *spectacles* are round lens glasses that fit around the ears for stability. When they are worn, they allow the person to see everything as it really is. The command word allows the item to work for 1 turn, once per day. The spectacles see through disguises and *illusions* cast by non-deities, and they also allow the character to view shape changed and were-creatures for what they really are. *Spectacles* cost about 13,000 gp each.

Urn of Water Purification

The *urn* purifies all water placed into it. It has the capacity to hold 30 gallons of water, which it purifies at the rate of one gallon per hour. The urn removes all trace of pollutants, microorganisms, alcohol, poison, salt, dirt, and every other known and unknown thing from the water. All that is left, once the purification is complete, is 100% pure water—the *urn* even turns milk and juices into pure water. These somewhat rare items are valued at 10,000 gp.

The *urn* looks much like a normal barrel, with several bands across it holding its curved planks together. There is a lid which is used primarily to keep excess dirt out, while keeping the water from evaporating too quickly. The lid is non-magical.

Chalice of Continual Water

The *chalice of continual water*, when bent to the lips, releases pure, cool water for the imbiber to drink. The *chalice* continues to produce water as long as it is not standing on its bottom. This is the item which causes the continuous stream of water in the castle located in the center of the Tears of Selune.

The *chalice* can produce one mouthful of water every second. This magical item costs 2,400 gp each to purchase.

Torch of Continual Fire

These small wooden *torches* can light up a 15-foot radius sphere, also providing warmth for all within 20 feet of the torch's light. The item has a

command word that, when spoken, instantly ignites the top of the *torch*. Saying the word again douses the fire.

At no time does the tip of the item heat up. The item possesses 1,000 charges and costs 2,250 gp to purchase. Each charge can last as long as two hours, unless the command word is spoken again during that time, turning the *torch* off.

Antennae of Triangulation

This item shows the location of all objects larger than eight feet across within a 10,000-yard radius. These *antennae* can be 20 feet or more in length, and they appear to be antennae removed from some gargantuan insect.

There is a *helmet of liaison* which accompanies the antennae when it is first purchased—assuming one is for sale—that links the *antennae* and the wearer of the *helmet*. The *helmet* relays the information found by the antennae in exact detail to the wearer.

When the *helmet* is put on, the wearer immediately gets a complete picture of the space around him. He can see in a 360-degree sphere. Every little detail can be seen in his mind. The positioning of these items changes whenever the ship's heading changes, or if the objects in sight change. These *antennae* make it impossible to surprise the ship, as long as someone is wearing the *helmet*.

The *antennae* can be used to tell the wearer where an approaching spelljamming ship or an asteroid is in relation to his current location. The *antennae* and *helmet* can be purchased for 55,000 gp or more, depending on the reaction of the seller, but never for less—these rare and powerful items have been known to sell for as much as 2,000,000 gp to the sleaziest of adventurers. The items, having no charges, can be used an unlimited amount of time.

Bracers of Invulnerability

These *bracers* are items of immense power. They reputedly were created in a different crystal sphere, and brought by the sage Sarelk to Lumbe, the second moon of moon of H'Catha.

He brought the *bracers* here because the power they contain is very corrupting when they are worn for extended periods of time.

Legends say that nothing can harm the wearer when they are put on. No spell or weapon can pass though the protection the *bracers* provide, but then again, no non-attack can penetrate either. If the *bracers* are put on, they do not allow the wearer to eat, drink, or touch another thing. The wearer cannot even attack another creature, even with missile attacks. The wearer is completely cut off from everything, levitating slightly above it.

Once removed, the *bracers* return to where the owner previously found them, which means they return to Lumbe. The *bracers* cannot be physically removed from a body, unless the wearer himself removes them, and then they immediately *teleport* away. Sarelk has never put them on, so they always return to him.

Sails of Maneuverability

These *sails* are made of the same material that *cloaks of protection* are tailored from. When they are stretched across the rigging, they allow a ship to perform as though it were one maneuvering class better than it actually is.

There are, however, four different kinds of *sails of maneuverability*. Each one has a different MR bonus to it, rated at +1, +2, +3, and the cursed -1. The price of each is listed in the following chart.

Plus	Cost
+1	10,000 gp
+2	20,000 gp
+3	40,000 gp
-1	5,000 gp

The cursed *sails* are usually the result of a failed enchantment, so they do not register as a purposely cursed or evil item. When more than one set of *sails* is used on a single ship, the ship moves at the maneuverability bonus of the highest magical *sail*. In other words, if one ship had both a +1 and a +2 *sail*, it would have a MR bonus of +2. The bonus from the *sails* is never added together. Whenever these items are re-

quired to make a saving throw, they save as cloth with whatever MR bonus they possess as a plus to the roll.

Plate Mail of Continual Cleanliness +2

This armor is believed to be unique. It is currently worn by a paladin named Kyriel Alathar Pellinore, son of Chiros Pellinore, Third Lord of Everlund, and proud servant of Tyr. Being obsessed with cleanliness, he had some obscure mage cast a cleaning invocation onto his *plate mail* +2, adding *permanency* to it as well. This makes his armor continuously clean. It is never dirty, nor does it rust or show a blemish. This item costs 12,000 gp.

Rod of Blind Walking

This *rod* is used by many blind people, so that they can live more comfortable lives without having to trip over random items in roadways. This item does not give the possessor a visual picture of everything around him. Instead, the item gives an almost psychic knowledge of objects' locations. This allows one to maneuver around things with greater ease than most people with functional eyes. This item costs 7,000 gp, and is completely nonfunctional for people who can see.

Masthead of Durability

This item is actually nothing more than the lower support for a mast. It physically bolts the mast to the deck, rendering the mast completely indestructible from all damage except fire. If a ship attempts to shear the mast off by flying over it, the mast actually tears into the attacking ship, causing 1d2 hull points per 10 tons of ship. In other words, if a 40-ton ship were trying to shear off a mast bolted to a *masthead of durability*, the attacking ship would merely cause itself 4d2 points of hull damage. If the mast is subjected to fire damage, it is allowed the appropriate saving throw. If this fails, the mast burns as normal wood. The *masthead* still functions, but is useless until the burned mast is

replaced with a new one. These *mastheads of durability* cost about 1,800 gp each.

Mage Shot

This magical *shot* is used in catapults or jettisons. There are several different types of *shot*; below we list only a few.

Warp Shot: This ceramic *shot* is filled with a liquid which easily warps the wood of an enemy ship, causing one hull point of damage per shot. Any ship hit must roll a saving throw vs. fire or be rendered unsafe for floating in water. The *warp shot* is valued at 850 gp each.

Shrapnel Shot: This *shot* is very rare. When fired at an enemy ship, it explodes on contact, sending razor-sharp, red-hot splinters of metal shavings throughout a 50-foot radius. All within its range suffer 3d4 points of damage, as well as one additional point per five of the original damage per round, until wounds are bound. Anyone facing the *shrapnel shot* when it hits must roll a saving throw vs. magic for each eye, or be blinded. These *shots* cost 1,500 gp each.

Lyre of the Spheres

This musical instrument is used near crystal spheres to locate or create portals in which to pass through. Any bard can use this magical item to create a portal wherever he chooses. Non-bard characters can only locate already-opened portals. This item can be used but once a month. A *lyre of the spheres* costs 11,000 gp.

Elmarin Cannon Call

These items are not necessarily magical. Whenever a cannon ball is made, there is a 1 in 10,000 chance that it resonates at a particular tone that attracts elmarin. Unfortunately these non-magical elmarin cannon calls are a one-time shot. When used once, they are damaged, and won't ring at that specific tone again.

The magical *elmarin cannon calls* can be used again and again. When they hit, they ring for 2d8 turns, which attracts 1d10 elmarin within 2d12 rounds. The cannon shot must hit its target in order to ring. The ringing is out of the

scope of hearing of all humans, elves, and other humanoids. If recovered, these shots can be used by the attacked ship against a future enemy. When not received freely from an enemy, these cannon shots cost 3,000 gp each. Refer to the SPELLJAMMER™ boxed set for information regarding the elmarin.

Magical Armaments

There are many different types of armaments in the wildspace, and many of these are magically enhanced. Below is a list of some of these, with their relative costs.

Ballista, light: +1, 4,000 gp; +2, 8,000 gp; +3, 16,000 gp.

Ballista, medium: +1, 6,000 gp; +2, 12,000 gp; +3, 24,000 gp.

Ballista, heavy: +1, 8,000 gp; +2, 16,000 gp; +3, 32,000 gp.

Bombard: +1, 50,000 gp; +2, 100,000 gp; +3, 200,000 gp.

Catapult, light: +1, 5,000 gp; +2, 10,000 gp; +3, 20,000 gp.

Catapult, medium: +1, 7,000 gp; +2, 14,000 gp; +3, 28,000 gp.

Catapult, heavy: +1, 10,000 gp; +2, 20,000 gp; +3, 40,000 gp.

Jettison, light: +1, 4,000 gp; +2, 8,000 gp; +3, 16,000 gp.

Jettison, medium: +1, 6,000 gp; +2, 12,000 gp; +3, 24,000 gp.

Jettison, heavy: +1, 8,000 gp; +2, 16,000 gp; +3, 32,000 gp.

Ram, blunt: +1, 1,000 gp/ton of ship; +2, 2,000 gp/ton of ship; +3, 4,000 gp/ton of ship.

Ram, grappling: +1, 2,000 gp/ton of ship; +2, 4,000 gp/ton of ship; +3, 8,000 gp/ton of ship.

Ram, piercing: +1, 1,000 gp/ton of ship; +2, 2,000 gp/ton of ship; +3, 4,000 gp/ton of ship.

Sweeper, gnomish: +1, 8,000 gp; +2, 16,000 gp; +3, 32,000 gp.

Turret, heavy: +1, 5,000 gp; +2, 10,000 gp; +3, 20,000 gp.

Turret, medium: +1, 10,000 gp; +2, 20,000 gp; +3, 40,000 gp.

RELIGION IN THE STARS

Clerics and specialty priests tend to worry about heading into wildspace because they fear the loss of their spell casting abilities. There no longer need be any doubt. Granted, when a cleric or priest heads in space, some of the powers of their gods do change, but for the most part, the changes are not drastic enough to warrant any frustration from the character.

Often these changes are positive, but occasionally, the powers can wane somewhat, or even disappear, especially when the priest heads out into the phlogiston and loses all touch with his god. Is there ever a complete and total separation between god and character while inside the crystal sphere? This next chapter describes the gods and their relationships with spelljamming clerics and specialty priests while in wildspace.

Auril (Frostmaiden)

Demipower of Pandemonium

Clerics and priests of this neutral evil god must beware. While in wildspace, spells awarded work as though cast at two levels lower than the spell caster's current level. The only exception to this are spells associated with cold, which work as though the character was two levels higher. In the phlogiston, the character must roll a saving throw vs. death magic, or pass into a comatose state until the ride through the phlogiston is over. No spell casting in this area is possible by priests of Auril.

Azuth (The High One)

Demipower of Arcadia

These mage and priest spell casters are found in abundance in the wilds of Realmspace. They are often hired out as helmsmen for various spelljamming adventurers or merchant companies. They have a very strong tie with their god as long as they stay within the sphere.

Once the priest leaves the sphere, he maintains his unused spells until he again enters the sphere. This spelljamming ability, even outside

the sphere, make followers of Azuth the best spelljamming priests in existence.

Azuth grants priests of his religion an extra spell in their highest level of casting while traveling in wildspace, but not while planetside. This is done to increase his vassalage among the Realm's other planets. Currently, his strongest concentration is on the planet Toril, but a growing base of worshipers is appearing in such places as the Tears of Selune and Coliar. Spell casting in the phlogiston is possible, but new spells are not awarded.

Bane (The Black Lord)

Greater Power of Acheron

Bane is believed to have died during the Time of Troubles, but there still is a strong vassalage among his former worshipers. The orthodox believers think that he is still alive, but that the god Cyric is merely a new form of Bane, expanded to take the powers of the other dead gods, Myrkul and Bhaal. The transformed Banites feel that Bane is actually dead, Cyric takes the mantle and position as god of strife, and it is the "office" of Bane that Cyric now holds.

There is a strong concentration of both orthodox and transformed Banites living near and in the Color Spray Nebula. The orthodox worshipers believe that this nebulousity is the wrath of their god, come to the sphere to wreak havoc and strife, while the transformed worshipers feel that the nebula is actually the life essence of the three gods that died during the Time of Trouble.

Banites can be found protecting the nebula borders from the intrusion of spelljamming races and adventurers. This is why many of these spacefaring priests of Bane have wild, malignant, cancerous growths covering their bodies. See the Additional Astronomicals section for more information regarding the Color Spray Nebula.

The priests of Bane do not gain or lose any spell casting abilities while in wildspace. When they enter the phlogiston, they are unable to receive or cast any spells at all. If they enter an-

other sphere, they are able to cast spells from their major sphere, but they receive spells only of third level and lower, and at a slower rate. For every level of experience possessed, a priest gain one spell level of spells per day.

Beshaba (Maid of Misfortune)

The priests of this goddess experience no change in spell casting ability whether in wildspace or not. When the sphere is exited, they lose their spell casting abilities until they reenter the sphere.

Chauntea (Great Mother) Greater Power of Elysium

This goddess cannot give her followers spells or power in space, unless they are on a planet, asteroid, or a ship with at least some sort of plant life. She also gives no power to anyone outside the crystal sphere. Her priests lose the spells they have, and are unable to gain additional spells once they leave the sphere.

Chauntea concentrates her powers onto the worshipers whose feet touch ground, or are within the air envelope of a planet, spelljamming excluded. She is worshiped on the five inner planets, with the highest concentration of worshipers being on Toril.

Cyric (The Dark Sun) Greater Power of Hades

Cyric's priests experience no change in spell casting ability while within the crystal sphere.

Deneir (Lord of Glyphs and Images) Demipower of Beastlands

This god's powers to grant spells increase as a priest gets closer to the crystal sphere—please

note that the Realmspace crystal sphere is the only sphere in which this phenomenon happens. This is caused by the glyphs and wards that line the sphere's interior, detailed in Sphere Overview.

When a priest enters wildspace, his spell casting ability increases by one level. Once the priest enters the space between H'Catha and the sphere, the casting ability increases to plus two levels, and when the priest is within one day's travel of the sphere, his spell casting level effectively increases by three levels.

With all these level increases, the caster is allowed to throw spells that are higher in level than his "real" experience would normally allow. Unfortunately for the spell caster, these increases are only temporary. Once one of the preceding conditions no longer exists, the increased spell level abilities are removed. Once outside the sphere, spell casting diminishes to nothing. If another crystal sphere is entered, the priest is still out of contact with Deneir, and all spell casting abilities are lost until Realmspace is again entered.

Eldath (Goddess of Singing Waters) Demipower of Prime Material Plane

This goddess has power to grant spells only to priests and clerics within the atmospheric envelope of a planet. While off any Class A planet or larger, they are unable to cast any spells, even if their allotment has yet to be used. One positive note, though, is that whenever a priest lands on a planet, he instantly regains his spell casting abilities.

Gond (Wonderbringer) Lesser Power of Concordant Opposition

Priests of Gond make wonderful helmsmen. Whether in wildspace, the phlogiston, or in another sphere, they spelljamm as though they were two levels higher. They cannot, however, cast spells outside the Realmspace sphere.

Helm (He of the Unsleping Eyes)

Lesser Power of Nirvana

The spell casting abilities of the priests of this god are not altered while the caster is within Realmspace.

Ilmater (The Crying God)

Lesser Power of Twin Paradises

Lathander (Morninglord)

Greater Power of Elysium

Neither of these gods is able to award new spells higher than 3rd level to their priests outside the Realmspace crystal sphere. Otherwise, whether on a planet or in the wildspace, priests gain spells normally.

Leira (Lady of the Mists)

Demipower of Limbo

This goddess' greatest concentration of worshippers is on Selune, Toril's moon. She is unable to transmit spells greater than 3rd level to her followers outside the sphere. Spell casting in the phlogiston is impossible.

Lliira (Our Lady of Joy)

Demipower of Arvandor

Loviatar (Maiden of Pain)

Demipower of Gehenna

Malar (The Beastlord)

Demipower of Tarterus

Lliira, Loviatar, and Malar are unable to award spells of greater than 3rd level to any priests beyond the crystal sphere. In addition to this, Malar the Beastlord is completely unable to award the spells under his minor sphere spell list once the priest is outside the sphere. All casting within the phlogiston is impossible.

Mask (Lord of Shadows)

Lesser Power of Hades

This god cannot award new spells to his priests when they enter the reaches of other spheres. He can, however, award spells normally to those who are in the Realm's wildspace.

The oddity of Mask is that his specialty priests can cast spells in the phlogiston, but are unable to receive additional spells until their home sphere is again reached. This spell casting ability in the phlogiston is due to Mask's affinity with the plane where he gains his powers.

Mielikki (Lady of the Forest)

Lesser Power of Prime Material Plane

Priests of Mielikki cannot cast spells unless they are within two spelljamming days travel of a planet of any size equal to or greater than Class A. There are no spell casting abilities endowed to them if they leave the sphere.

Milil (Lord of All Songs)

Demipower of the Beastlands

This god cannot endow his priests with spells once they leave the sphere. Once they leave the planet of their home, he can grant them only spells equal to or less than 3rd level.

Mystra **(Midnight, the Lady of Mystery)**

Greater Power of Nirvana

When Mystra's specialty priests enter wildspace, they are still able to gain and use spells to their maximum allotment. The clerics, however, are unable to gain spells greater than 3rd level while in wildspace. Whenever either group enters another sphere, they are allowed only 3rd-level spells or lower.

Oghma **(The Binder)**

Greater Power of Concordant Opposition

The priests of Oghma tend not to hire themselves out as spelljamming helmsmen. They prefer to ride about to explore the unknowns in the Realmspace sphere, the phlogiston, and beyond. They are able to use spells while in the phlogiston, but they cannot gain new ones until another sphere is entered. At that time, they are able to gain their full allotments of spells, as long as the priest is there to learn something which increases the knowledge available to all members of the religion.

Selune **(Our Lady of Silver)**

Lesser Power of Gladsheim

The specialty priests of Selune make excellent navigators. While in the Realms' sphere, they can never get lost, unless their minds are magically or chemically altered. They cannot throw spells while in the phlogiston, but they are always able to find the Realmspace crystal sphere no matter where they started in the flow. Whenever they enter another sphere, they cannot gain spells of greater than 3rd level, except for divination, sun, and weather sphere spells. In this case, they are able to utilize their full spell capacity.

Shar **(Mistress of the Night)**

Greater Power of Hades

These priests are unable to cast spells once they leave the sphere. In past history, Shar would not accept them again once they left Realmspace, but since the Time of Troubles, she has softened her angers toward those struck by wanderlust.

While inside the sphere, the priests of Shar can cast and gain spells normally. Unfortunately, most of these individuals demand that they be allowed to cover the entire ship with *continual darkness* spells so they can hide the ship from view better. This trick does not work all the time, though. When a ship concealed with *continual darkness* passes in front of a light source, the blackness is very noticeable; this happens even against a star field.

Silvanus **(Oak Father)**

Greater Power of Concordant Opposition

This god does not grant spells to followers who sail into wildspace. He does, however, happily return a full load of spells to a cleric or druid character who finally reaches a planetary body. A prime example of this is Griffon Broadleaf, who moved to the moon of Garden called Glorianus. At least one full day must be spent in space before Silvanus awards a full complement of spells to a character.

Sune **(Firehair)**

Greater Power of Arvandor

While inside the crystal sphere, the priests of Sune are able to cast and receive spells normally. When a priest enters another crystal sphere, he is granted spells of 4th level and lower, unless there is a god with the same portfolio there, who grants a full arsenal of spells in Sune's place.

Talona (Lady of Poison)

Demipower of Tartarus

The clerics and specialty priests of Talona are able to use and receive spells wherever they may be in Realmspace. Once they enter the phlogiston, all unused spells are stripped from them and given to someone else in the sphere. (Worshippers are still able to man the spelljamming helm, though.)

When they enter another sphere, they are able to use their full allotment of spells from the 1st through the 3rd level only once. Once these spells are used, they do not receive more until they return home or begin worship of another deity. This second choice guarantees permanent banishment from the ranks of Talona.

Talos (The Destroyer)

Greater Power of Pandemonium

Talos is able to give his followers spells wherever they may be. When they enter the phlogiston, he is unable to grant new spells, but characters do have the opportunity to use the spells they have stored up.

When the followers of Talos enter a sphere containing a deity with the same portfolio as Talos, this god rewards the character with the spells Talos is asked for. Unfortunately, these gods, including Talos, tend to be cruel. When the priests of another god of destruction ask another deity for spells, he awards them, but not necessarily the right ones. Every time a spell is used, there is a 10% chance that the god invokes a completely random spell, one that the character did not desire at the time.

The priests of Talos are usually hated by spelljamming companies, because these priests love to use the *lightning bolt* ability their god has granted them. The sad thing is, whenever a battle ensues, not matter where it is, these maniacs have a knack of unleashing these things wildly. One can imagine what happens when this power

is invoked in the phlogiston—it's simple to understand the animosity others feel.

Tempus (Lord of Battles)

Greater Power of Limbo

As with most deities, Tempus is unable to award spells greater than 3rd level to those outside his sphere of influence, which is Realmspace. The pirates, and many adventuring companies love to have clerics and specialty priests of Tempus on board their ship, because of their strong fighting instincts. Merely having a Tempus priest on board raises the morale of the spelljamming ship by two points. Having more than one priest does not raise this morale bonus higher.

Torm (The True)

Demipower of the Prime Material Plane

Torm is unable to award spells to his followers once they leave the Realms' wildspace. He is believed to be responsible for the Wanderers' existence. See The Sphere, above, for more information regarding these humanoids.

Tymora (Lady Luck)

Lesser Power of Arvandor

These priests usually cause a lot of grief on spelljamming ships, because they resort to seemingly idiotic and suicidal tendencies to procure their god's luck. They do, however provide a certain "comedy relief" for other crew members. Tymora is unable to award her priests new spells when they are within the phlogiston, but she can give them spells less than the 4th level whenever they are in another crystal sphere. If there is a deity of luck in that sphere, that power takes Tymora's place by awarding her followers the spells they normally are allotted.

Tyr (The Even-Handed)

Greater Power of the Seven Heavens

No matter where the priests of Tyr go, whether in Realspace or in another sphere, he allots them their usually number of spells in all accessible spell levels, unless a priest from another deity is there as well. In that case, the Tyr priest is limited just as the other holy man is. It is not justified to limit the spell levels a priest can use no matter where he may be, but then again, it is not right to award one priest with more spells than another, or else the balance of powers is not kept.

Umberlee (The Bitch Queen)

Lesser Power of the Abyss

Once the specialty priests and the clerics of Umberlee enter wildspace and beyond, they are not granted additional spells. They can land on a planet anywhere in Realspace regain their ability to recover spells.

This has greatly reduced Umberlee's area of influence, as well as limiting her ability to gain followers in other spheres.

Waukeen (Merchants' Friend)

Lesser Power of Concordant Opposition

For a lesser power, Waukeen has surprising powers. She is able to grant her followers their full allotment of spells no matter where in the spheres they may be. She cannot grant new spells while in the phlogiston, though.

Ptah (The Path and the Way)

Greater Power of the Ethereal

This is the god most commonly called creator of the universe. He is known and worshiped on nearly every known sphere of existence.

This allows him to allot his clerics and specialty priests with the maximum spells they can use. On planets where this is not the case, he cannot award spells over the 3rd level. When his priests enter the phlogiston, they are able to use the spells they have stored up. The DM should have the character write down the spells he would like to use while in the phlogiston before a spell casting situation arises. This gives the character the spells he asked for before leaving the sphere.

The Non-Human Deities

The non-human deities are all able to award spells to their priests (according to the guidelines set up in *AD&D® 2nd Edition Legends and Lore*) while the priest characters remain inside the Realm's crystal sphere. In the phlogiston, no god is able to award spells.

The demipowers cannot award any spells to their followers who leave Realspace, but lesser powers can award spells of 1st through 3rd levels as long as their priests are in another sphere.

Below is a list of the major gods of the dwarves, elves, gnomes, and the halflings. It is impossible to list every pantheon for every culture and race, whether human, humanoid, or non-human, so only the predominant deities of the most popular humanoid races have been included.

***Clangedin Silverbeard* (God of Battle)**

Dwarven Greater Power of Nirvana

***Dumathoin* (Keeper of Secrets Under the Mountain)**

Dwarven Greater Power of Concordant Opposition

***Abbathor* (Great Master of Greed)**

Dwarven Greater Power of Hades

Vergadain

(God of Wealth and Luck)

Dwarven Greater Power of Concordant Opposition

Berronar

(Mother of Safety, Truth, and Home)

Dwarven Greater Power of Twin Paradises

Aerdrie Faenya

(Elven Goddess of Air and Weather)

Elven Lesser Power of Gladsheim

Erean Ilesere

(God of Mischief and Change)

Elven Lesser Power of Limbo

Hanali Celanil

(Goddess of Romantic Love and Beauty)

Elven Lesser Power of Gladsheim

Labelas Enoreth

(God of Longevity)

Elven Lesser Power of Gladsheim

Solonor Thelandira

(God of Archery and Hunting)

Elven Lesser Power of Gladsheim

Sheela Peryroyl

(The Wise)

Halfling Lesser Power of Concordant Opposition

Arvoreen

(The Defender)

Halfling Lesser Power of Twin Paradises

Cyrrollalee

(The Faithful)

Halfling Lesser Power of Twin Paradises

Brandobaris

(Master of Stealth)

Halfling Demipower of Concordant Opposition

Baervan Wildwanderer

(The Forest Gnome)

Gnomish Lesser Power of Elysium

Urdlen

(The Crawler Below)

Gnomish Lesser Power of Abyss

Segojan Earthcaller

(Deity of Earth and Nature)

Gnomish Lesser Power of Elysium

Flandal Steelskin

(The Forger)

Gnomish Demipower of Elysium

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Deserts of Anadia
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Community or family units
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	10
THACO:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACKS:	1d8/1d8/2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Bleeding
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	2,000

The anadjiiin is a vicious predator that originated on the planet Anadia, the first planet in the Realmspace solar system. These creatures appear to be slightly humanoid in shape, but they have very tough reptilian hide which deflects most weapons. The top of the anadjiiin head has a spiny crest which looks similar to that of a stegosaurus dinosaur. This crest has an abundance of small capillary blood vessels at the surface which allow the creature to cool off in the hottest of environments. This crest also disables the creature's ability to survive in colder climes.

The anadjiiin has two huge insect-like eyes sitting on the side of the head. This positioning allows the creature to see in a 360-degree arc at all times. The brain of the anadjiiin is so complex that it is able to assimilate all the information received as well as react to it.

Its mouth is a bit unusual when compared to those of most other creatures. The mouth sits vertically on the face, instead of horizontally. The teeth are aligned vertically as well, and are very sharp. Once the creature has hold of a victim, there is no way to force the anadjiiin to release the grasp, short of killing it. Even then, the jaw must be broken before the hold is released. The chin, instead of being under the mouth, is split in two, with a cleft on either side of the mouth.

The anadjiiin has a stout tail which it uses to stabilize itself should it ever be pushed, or lose its balance. The tail is never used as a weapon. Each of the anadjiiin's hands is layered with six-inch long claws. It prefers to use these claws as slicing weapons, attacking with each hand every round. The claws attack as though they were *blades of sharpness*. Anyone attacked by them suffers an additional hit point of damage per round per wound until the wounds are bound or healed.

Combat: The anadjiiin prefers to hunt during the day, because it cannot see in the dark. It therefore hides and sleeps during the night. When it does attack, the anadjiiin uses its speed and agility to gain the initial advantage. If the opponent is alone, it attacks with a bite. If the bite attack is successful, it does not release its hold until the opponent is



dead. It flails wildly at the abdomen of prey, hoping to sever the entrails, which quickens the death of its prey.

If there are multiple targets, the anadjiiin still uses its bite attack, but it does not hold on. Its genius intelligence knows that stupid fighting like that is the sure way to die. Instead, the anadjiiin moves about, attacking mostly one target, usually the weakest, until it falls. At that point, it tries to scare the rest of the targets away, so it can carry its prey back to its lair.

Habitat/Society: The anadjiiin is a very caring parent and mate, ready at any time to fight to the death to protect its young. However, in times when food is rare, anadjiiin are known to kill and eat their young to keep them from feeling the pain of starvation. Separate family units often work together in order to find food. They never fight among themselves whenever prey is found. Each realizes the amount of effort put forth, and demands a share equal to that. This relationship, which is quite unique to predators, is one reason that the anadjiiin is well respected. Besides their own language, it is unknown whether the anadjiiin have the capabilities to speak common or any other language known in the spheres. No one has stayed around long enough to find out.

Ecology: When hunting, the anadjiiin is careful to preserve the balance of nature. It never hunts or kills any prey that is rare or endangered. The anadjiiin feels a strong bond with nature itself, and feels compelled to hunt only that prey which is most abundant. This explains why the anadjiiin hunt humans when they are transported to other planets, but do not hunt humans on Anadia. They do, however prey on the half-lings and umber hulks of Anadia whenever possible, because there are so many of both.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Family
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Supra-genius (19-20)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Any Lawful and non-evil
NO. APPEARING:	1d2
ARMOR CLASS:	-8 (Base)
MOVEMENT:	80
HIT DICE:	20 (Base)
THACO:	-3 (Base)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Nil
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spell Use and wind Control
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spell use and wind control
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	80% (Base)
SIZE:	G (50')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	20,000 + 1,000 per additional Hit Die

The air dragon looks very much like a shimmerless diamond suspended in mid air. The rippling of pseudo-muscles, teeth, claws and bone make up the diamond-like cuts. It still possesses the wings, feet and toes of its former dragon self, but it now is nothing more than the *Shape Air* creation of its powerful mind. They are truly beautiful to see, but they still possess the dragon-fear aura that so many adventurers feel when they are near. The eyes of the dragon often resemble the color of its scales before the body died during transformation into an Air Dragon.

Combat: When the Air Dragon feels that it has no choice but to fight, it has several attacks abilities at its disposal. It cannot cause physical damage through bites, claws or tail buffeting, but it has several magical and magic-like abilities. It can cause items within range to be sucked towards it at the incredible velocity of 100 miles per hour using its *Control Air* abilities. The speed and the amount of mass that can be moved diminishes with the range, and increases with the Hit Dice of the Air Dragon. For every Hit Dice the Air Dragon possesses, it can move ten pounds of matter at distance of five feet. With every additional foot distance, the amount of weight effected decreases by one pound. Therefore a 20 Hit Dice Air dragon can move 200 pound objects at five feet, but can only move objects weighing 1 pound at 205 feet away. It can use this ability once per turn. However, it can push objects with the same parameters as its pull ability the very next round following the pull. This is its favorite tactic. It prefers not to combat through spell use, but luckily, most opponents do not wish to fight after experiencing such a powerful buffet.

The Air dragon also has all of the spell like abilities and immunities of its former self. In other words, a Gold Dragon who becomes an Air Dragon, is able to *Detect Lies*, *Detect Gems*, *Luck Bonus*, *Sleep*, *Slow*, and the dozens of other abilities it possessed before its transformation. The dragon still has use of the breath weapon of its former body.

Habitat/Society: Since the rarity of the Air Dragon far exceeds that of other dragons on Coliar, they are often looked

after and cared for. This deep caring and affection is what keep them alive. This symbiotic feeding is why an Air Dragon cannot be evil. The emotional emanations they feed on come only from affection, adoration or love. This also explains why the dragon of other worlds cannot become an Air Dragon. All these non-Coliar dragons are solitary, and have no emotions to feed upon.

The Coliar Dragons are often looked to when a problem arises. Their incredible Intelligence and Wisdom makes them the perfect ambassador to another family if a feud is dangerously approaching a war.

Each dragon family unit on Coliar has an Air Dragon, or two as its leader. They make all the decisions that may have serious implications. Even the non-dragon races look to them for their insight and ingenuity.

Ecology: The Air Dragon is the transformation of a standard dragon who has passed through the Great Wyrm stage of its life. When the dragon's body becomes too weak and decrepid, its mind actually leaves the confines of its body, and the body withers. When this transformation occurs, it looks as though a large non-corporeal diamond perfectly shaped after the dragon's former body pulls away from the dying husk.

At this point the dragon can choose to allow the body to die, or it can keep it alive by sheer mental strength. There are advantages to both. If the Air Dragon chooses to keep the body alive, his Air Dragon form cannot be completely destroyed. No matter how much damage it may take, it can still reform elsewhere within 1d4 turns. However, the Air Dragon body can never get farther than 15,000 miles from its living real-body husk. As long as the body is not slain, the dragon lives forever.

If the Air Dragon chooses to allow the physical body to die, the dragon has no limitations in where they can choose to go. These Coliar Air Dragons have been seen on other planets and even in other crystal spheres. They do, however run the risk of dying should their air dragon body be destroyed.

The chart below depicts the age categories, and their assumed ability improvements. The oldest reported Air Dragon is Similion Longlife. At the time of his demise, he was 4,230 years old. No one knows if there is a limit to an Air Dragon's life, but it is likely that one does exist. The likelihood that a dragon older than Similion is in existence is slim, the possibilities do exist.

Air Dragon Table:

Age Category	AC & HD Modifier	Combat Modifier	Fear Modifier	Save Radius	Save Modifier
13	1200-1600	+0	+1	50 Yds	-4
14	1601-2000	+1	+2	60 Yds	-5
15	2001-2400	+2	+3	80 Yds	-6
16	2401-2800	+3	+4	100 Yds	-7
17	2801-3200	+4	+5	120 Yds	-8
18	3201-3600	+5	+6	140 Yds	-9
19	3601-4000	+6	+7	180 Yds	-10
20	4001-4400	+7	+8	220 Yds	-11
21	4401-4800	+8	+9	280 Yds	-12
22	4801-5200	+9	+10	320 Yds	-13
23	5201-5600	+10	+11	360 Yds	-14
24	5601-6000+	+11	+12	400 Yds	-15

Fish, Chandos

SJR2

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Chandos oceans
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	2d4
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	1-1 to 4-1
THACO:	1-1 HD: 20 2-1 HD: 19 3-1 HD: 18 4-1 HD: 17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-1 HD: 1d4 2-1 HD: 1d6 3-1 HD: 1d8 4-1 HD: 1d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Teeth cause excessive bleeding
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Dexterity and environment
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S-M (2'-5')
MORALE:	Average (10)
XP VALUE:	1-1 HD: 35 2-1 HD: 65 3-1 HD: 120 4-1 HD: 175

These omnivorous fish tend to be long and thin, with a thick spiny ridge down their vertebrae. Their scales are usually dark blonde or white in color. They possess the ability to create their own light by the use of bioluminescence.

These fish are unique to the Chandos oceans, although the deepest oceans of other worlds contain fish similar to these. Continually hungry, the Chandos fish are on a never ending search to fill their bellies. They are not picky eaters, although they do prefer a fresh kill over stagnant meat, and they prefer old meat over the fungus, algae, sponges and other plant life that inhabit the Chandos oceans.

Combat: Whenever Chandos fish find a possible dietary intake of freshly killed meat, they immediately attack it. They do not wait to eat once the prey is killed, they instead bite with full intent on removing and swallowing that bitten section of flesh. This attack form is why additional damage is inflicted on opponents whenever a feeding frenzy ensues. This added damage equates to 1 point per bite per round, until the wounds are bound.

Whenever the fish smell or taste blood, they immediately go into a frenzy similar to those of barracuda or piranha. They swarm to where the blood is the thickest and attack all



open wounds. Often, these fish attack their own kind during this frenzied attacking. When someone is first attacked by these fish, there are 2d4 fish nearby. Every six rounds thereafter, the number of fish increases by 2d10.

Habitat/Society: Chandos fish usually school together when they are young. This assures their survival and their mutual training in survival. Once they are large enough to fend for themselves, which happens at 1-1 HD, they turn solitary until it is time to breed.

Chandos fish do not have the territorial instincts that many animals have. They protect their food if the target is too small for more than one fish to consume in one meal.

The eggs of these fish are laid in the holes and cracks of rocks, in strings extending as long as 50 feet, with over 1,000 eggs in a string. Not all eggs hatch, and not all newborn fish make it to adulthood. Out of the 1,000 eggs laid by one adult, only about 12 survive long enough to breed themselves. The current life expectancy of these fish is about three years, with the breeding age being six to eight months.

These fish are very protective of their impregnated mates. Until the female lays her eggs, the male swims by her side to protect her from all danger, real or imagined. Once the eggs are laid, they separate forever. They do not mate together again, each finding another when the time comes.

Halfling, Anadian

SJA4

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Anadian polar regions
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Family
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Any, but mostly day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly intelligent (13-14)
TREASURE:	K
ALIGNMENT:	Any

NO. APPEARING:	1d100
ARMOR CLASS:	6 (10)
MOVEMENT:	6 (9)
HIT DICE:	1-6 hit points
THACO:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+3 with bows and slings
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3½')
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	35

Anadian halflings are the epitome of extremes. When they like something, they love it, but when they don't like it, they abhor it. This extremist attitude is exhibited in everything they do or say. The southern halflings hate anything that is not part of their family unit, while the northern halflings hate anything that does not contribute to the law and order of their community.

Anadian halflings average 3½ feet in height and have dark, almost jet black skin. Their eyes and hair are very dark colored as well. Their clothing is usually white or any other light color that helps reflect the Sun's intensity away from the skin. The Anadian halflings have their own tongue which resembles common in many ways. This makes communication between Anadians and visiting spelljamming races possible, but excruciatingly slow.

Combat: Anadian halflings fight with great ferocity when in defense of their homes or beliefs. They are extremely skilled in the bow and the sling, giving them a +3 bonus on all attack rolls.

When equipped for battle, the halflings wear non-metallic armor because of the shortage of metals on Anadia—what metal is mined is used in the construction of defense walls for important buildings, or for heavy weaponry. When fighting hand to hand, the Anadians usually use hand axes, short swords, and daggers.

The Anadian halflings are very resilient to magic and poisons, so they gain a +4 to all saving throws. They are also clever and silent. In combat, opponents receive a -5 penalty to their surprise rolls, and in all types of natural terrain, the Anadian halfling is considered invisible when purposely hiding in vegetation.



Habitat/Society: Halfling counties in the Northern Polarate generally have 10 to 30 villages, with each village containing 50 to 500 or more halflings. There are a total of 13 counties in the Northern Polarate.

For every 30 halflings in a particular area, there are two 3rd-level fighters and a 4th-level priest. Every county contains at least ten 5th-level fighters and two 6th-level priests. The main government consists of a group of 39 men and women who are a mixture of 3rd- to 6th-level fighters and 2nd- through 6th-level priests. This group of halflings ensures that the county governments are not passing laws that could limit the freedoms of the people in any way.

The Southern Polarate halflings have no set governmental standard. Any single family able to take control from the current ruling family becomes the new law. This creates complete anarchy in many areas, because no family is able to maintain a sense of control over all areas for any amount of time. This also means that the southern halflings have a very short life span. Since every family is fighting everyone else, the life expectancy is only about 25 years.

A southern polarate family's most important possession is a fertile woman. To combat the incredible population losses from war, the survivors breed like rabbits. Not many of the halflings in the Southern Polarate enjoy life, but no one is willing to stop the fighting because no one can trust anyone else.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Sun, elemental plane of Fire
FREQUENCY:	Very rare/uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Tribe
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly intelligent (13-14)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Any non-lawful and non-good
NO. APPEARING:	1d6
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	30
HIT DICE:	12 (base)
THAC0:	9 (base)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Fire attack for 12d4
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spell immunity
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20% (base)
SIZE:	L (10')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	10,000 each

These creatures are born on the elemental plane of Fire, formed from the union of the soul of a deceased follower of the fire elemental gods and the extreme heat of the plane. Helians are highly sentient creatures, but they do not retain the personal experiences of their former lives. They retain the intellect, the knowledge, and the wisdom gained throughout their lives, but they would not recognize friends, enemies, or even their spouses or immediate family members.

These creatures are made completely of living flame. They possess a quasi-metallic bone structure which the flames of their bodies cling to. Helians do have definite form, their eyes and other facial features being clearly visible. In fact, their skin appears to be elastic and smooth, even though it is made completely of semi-liquid flame. There is definition in the creature's musculature which makes it appear as though a helian were a very buff humanoid with reddish-yellow skin.

Combat: Helians have several different attack modes. The first type of attack is a strike with the fists, inflicting 3d4 points of damage with each blow. If the helian is able to strike someone in metal armor of any kind, this inflicts an additional 1d4 points of damage, because the residual heat takes longer to dissipate from metal than it does with living tissue, normal cloth, or leather.

The helian's second attack is very special and lethal. It is able to conjure a gelatinous ball of flame from the elemental plane of Fire and throw it at a target. This attack causes the same damage as a 12-die *fireball*, inflicting 12d4 points of damage. This ball of flame has been called "a piece of the Sun." It gained this name because the heat damage inflicted by this attack mode is much higher than that of the standard *fireball*.

The helian is also known to hug an opponent to death. This attack style inflicts 3d6 points of damage every round. A normal attack roll is needed to grip the opponent, but once con-



tact is made, the only way to escape is to slay the helian. Weapons can be used, but healing spells cannot. Touching a character in the grips of a helian causes 1d6 points of damage immediately, and this is enough to halt all healing spells from working because the caster loses concentration.

The helian must roll to hit normally to strike its target. If it misses by 2 points or less, it still inflicts half damage. There is no saving throw for the damage inflicted by the helian, whether by its fists or by its attack with the glob of flame.

Habitat/Society: Helians tend to gather together in troops which they call tribes. They protect each other whenever they are attacked by an enemy of any sort. They do not blindly attack with no regard for return fire; they know when to back down to assure their survival. They live to fight the enemy another day.

All of this might give the impression that helians love to fight. Nothing could be further from the truth. They attack only when they feel threatened. For example, the helians living on the Sun in the center of Realmspace attack any ship that comes close to their domain, because they see what these races do to their own kind, and they witness the brutality thrown onto races that are not their own. This racism is an appalling factor they cannot bear; so to save their tribal members, they attack these spelljamming humans before the humans ever get a chance to attack them.

The helians that live on the Sun were the few that were able to flee from the persecution of the efreeti and the other fire-dwelling creatures that inhabit the elemental plane of Fire. That they are now free beings is one reason they hate the humans so much. They know how it feels to be persecuted.

Lavaworm

SJR2

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Sun, elemental plane of Fire
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon/common
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1d2
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	6 (20 running for 1d4 segments)
HIT DICE:	6
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d4/2d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Breath weapon
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to all fire damage
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (5' long)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	650

The lavaworm looks as though it is made of living semi-molten rock. It moves about like an inchworm, hunching its body up as it moves its end forward, and lowering its body as its head moves forward. The creature has a large maw at either end which periodically expels a noxious gas smelling strongly of sulfur. The creature can grow to be five feet long and nine inches in diameter.

The lavaworm is a dull brown or reddish color. It tends to have an elastic epidermis which stretches when it moves or attacks. Its two mouths are lined with sharp needle-like teeth. It also possesses two sets of eyes, with a pair on each end of its tubular body. This gives the impression that there is no back end to the creature, but there is. The creature's rear mouth is somewhat smaller than the front, and the creature never travels backwards.

Combat: This creature attacks anything cooler than itself that moves. It has the ability to move at a rate of 20 for 1d4 segments. When it uses this movement form, it always surprises its opponent. It can use this jump in speed only once every five rounds.

When the lavaworm attacks, it bites with its incredibly hot maw, inflicting 2d4 points of damage. Half of the damage is associated with its intense body heat. It can strike with its rear-mounted mouth only when the front mouth strikes, and then it has a -3 penalty to the attack die roll. The rear mouth does the same amount of damage as the front.

Every five rounds, this creature spews a great cloud of sulfuric gas, which blinds anyone within a 20-foot radius, a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon preventing it. The resulting blindness lasts for 1d6 rounds. It is possible for an affected character to suffer blindness for a certain number of rounds, only to fail another saving throw before those rounds are over.

Habitat/Society: These creatures never attack fire elementals or other creatures which exhibit at least the same temperature as their own, unless they are looking for a crea-



ture on which to lay their eggs. They eat only creatures with lower external temperatures.

When these creatures mate, the female lays eggs on the hottest location she can find. Usually this is on creatures like the efreeti, Helian or even other lavaworms. The extreme heat is needed for the eggs to hatch. Around 500 eggs are hatched from one incubation. These young lavaworms eat their way into the creature they are attached to and then proceed to eat everything that is within reach.

Unfortunately, this usually kills the host rather quickly. Once the host is dead and its body only a husk, the lavaworms then begin to eat each other, until they are one week old. At that point, they emerge from the creature's body as one-half Hit Die monsters, and go their separate ways.

A lavaworm continues to grow until it is one year old, gaining one-half Hit Die every month. At the end of the year, the lavaworm is full grown, and it begins looking for a mate. Once the breeding process is complete with the female, the male lavaworm searches for other females to mate with. After a seven-day period is over, the male lavaworm never again mates, turning permanently sterile thereafter. The female, on the other hand, is able to mate every year for its entire life.

When this sterile stage of the male lavaworm comes about, it attempts to find a location that is not inhabited by any other lavaworms, claiming this location to hunt and live in. Territorial instincts completely take over the creature, which fights to its very end in order to preserve its hunting space. Whenever a lone lavaworm is found, it is usually of this sterile male variety. There have been reports of these lavaworms getting as big as 20 or 30 feet in length, with tremendous maws four feet in diameter.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Comets
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-20
ARMOR CLASS:	8
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	1-1
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-2 (1d2)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP VALUE:	15

Oortlings are a pathetic race, dwelling on the natural comets that exist within the crystal spheres. While the oortlings once had a fairly sophisticated culture, they were dominated by the mind flayers early on in their evolution. Since that time, they have been manipulated and controlled by the spacelaring illithid and kept as "cattle."

The typical oortling looks much like a dwarf, short, stocky, and noted for their pallor and bloated skulls. Within these skulls are the overdeveloped brains of the oortlings. Although kept from acquiring an education by their overlords, oortlings have the potential for great intelligence. As a rule, however, the best any oortling's brain can hope for is to be the main course at a mind flayer feast.

Combat: The oortlings have had all knowledge of combat bred out of them by the mind flayers. They cringe in fear from even the slightest possibility of violence. In cases where oortlings are in extreme pain or have lost their senses, they have been known to bite and scratch their opponents. While this attack is fairly feeble, it can inflict some minor damage (1d2 points).

Habitat/Society: Oortlings live on the flying mountains of ice and iron that men call comets, making their homes by tunneling through the frozen surface, eventually into the iron or stone nucleus of the comet. Their communities are usually fairly small by human standards, with only 40-240 (4d6x10) oortlings living on any given comet. Of this number, half are females and young.

While oortling culture was once advanced enough to construct great palaces from the ice of their cometary homes, it has degenerated to a state of primitive tribalism. The main



reason for this is the domination and domestication of the oortling people by the mind flayers. Even at the height of their culture, the oortlings had no chance of breaking free from the mental and physic bondage into which they were thrust by the illithids.

Currently, the oortlings are a broken people. All creativity and curiosity has been crushed from their spirits, leaving them a ghastly race of "cattle," tended and guarded by a group of mind flayer "farmers" and then hauled away to sate the hunger of the illithids.

Ecology: Oortlings feed on the ice that makes up the comets on which they live. Their systems are able to break down the ice, extracting the vital nutrients from it and filtering out toxins that would kill other humanoids. Only cometary ice contains the chemicals they need to sustain themselves, however, and a diet of normal water ice does nothing to nourish them.

Oortlings produce few useful byproducts or trade goods which other races might be interested in. The sole exception to this, of course, are the mind flayers who breed the oortlings as human races breed cattle. Some other cultures have found that the fluid around the oortling's brain is a useful component in the creation of many potions that deal with telepathy and other mental powers.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Deserts of Anadia and other planets
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Colony
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	2d6
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DIE:	5
THAC0:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACKS:	1d2/1d2/1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to poison
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Average (11-12)
XP VALUE:	270 each

These creatures look much like gremlins or imps, belonging in fact to the same family. Devilish little creatures that love to prey upon those weaker or in smaller numbers, the plainsjan have pointed little ears much like those of elves, but they have very sharp teeth and large claws for their size. Their small but stout tails are sometimes used for balance when feeding upon taller targets.

Combat: The plainsjan is a creature that thrives almost completely upon the freshly killed flesh of umber hulks, supplementing the diet with other humanoids or creatures. When plainsjan attack, they always do so in numbers that warrant their winning. They attack in groups, biting and scratching from as many different directions as possible.

The bite of a plainsjan has a slight intoxicating effect which is easily shaken off. A successful save vs. poison, with a bonus of +1, easily eliminates its effects. The poison otherwise causes one to fight at -1 because of the slight delirium. Besides, the victim's Strength, Dexterity, Wisdom, and Intelligence temporarily fall one point for 2d4 rounds. This poison effect is cumulative, which makes these creatures dangerous opponents if not properly dealt with quickly.

Their claws are so sharp that, due to blood loss, they inflict an additional point of damage for each of two subsequent



melee rounds unless the wounds are dealt with immediately. When these pests attack, they usually use all three attack modes each melee round.

Habitat/Society: These creatures live in tight family- and friend-oriented clans. These groups of plainsjan hunt and fight together. They tend to be quite territorial as well.

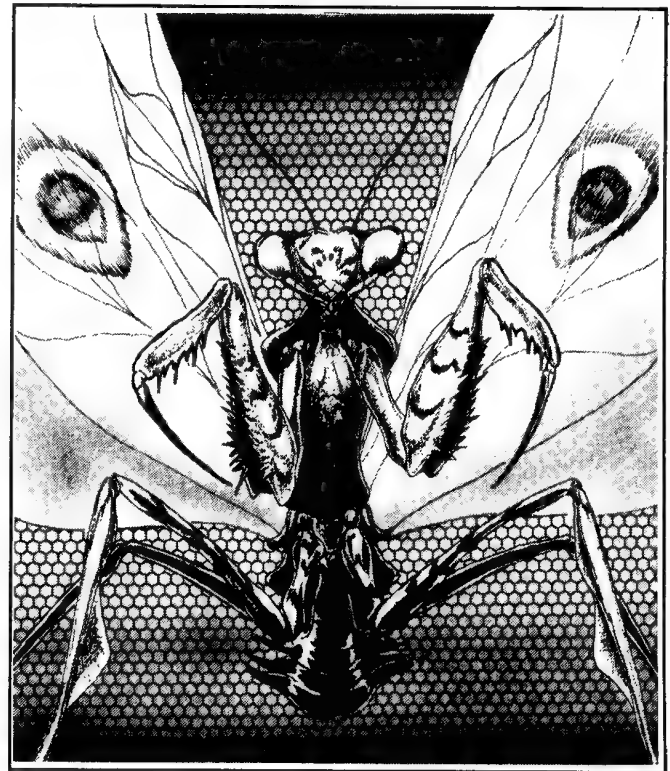
Plainsjan prefer to live in arid areas where water is hard to find. Currently, most are near the Anadian equator, but a few have been spotted in the deserts of Toril. This spread is due to the carelessness of spelljamming adventurers, or perhaps the vitality of some people's evil streak. Wherever they are seen, plainsjan run rampant, killing everything they can.

When these creatures breed, their progeny are always born in sets of twos—either identical twins or multiple sets of identical twins are born. The twins spend the rest of their lives together, sharing the same mates and food supplies.

Praying Mantis, Gargantuan

SJR2

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Karpri
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1d2
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	2-12
THACO:	2 HD: 19 4 HD: 17 6 HD: 15 8 HD: 13 10 HD: 11 12 HD: 9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-4 HD: 1d2/1d2/1d4 6-8 HD: 1d4/1d4/1d8 10 HD: 1d6/1d6/1d10 12 HD: 1d8/1d8/1d12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S-M (2-5')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	2 HD: 35 4 HD: 120 6 HD: 270 8 HD: 650 10 HD: 1,400 12 HD: 2,000



bites for the third damage listed above. Each size of praying mantis inflicts a different amount of damage.

When injured for half or more of its original hit points, the gargantuan praying mantis retreats immediately, to search for an easier meal. Even if the target creature is nearly dead, the mantis still retreats. Until that time comes, though, the creature never retreats and never checks for morale.

Habitat/Society: These monsters are solitary creatures who ferociously protect their hunting grounds from others of their kind. Never are two of these creatures found fighting together to bring down a large prey. In fact, mantises have been known to actually lay prey down to fight one of their own kind in order to protect their boundaries.

The only time that more than one get together in non-combative terms is when a male and female come together to mate. Even then, males fight among themselves for the mating rights to a female. Once courtship is complete, the female immediately leaves to lay her eggs. In a single laying, these female gargantuan praying mantises are known to lay more than 10,000 eggs. Out of these 10,000, nearly 8,000 are eaten before they have a chance to hatch. Out of 2,000 left, only ten are believed to make it to maturity, because they die from the territorial wars of older mantises. Out of the original 10,000 eggs laid, only three might live long enough to mate the next year.

This creature is a courageous but stupid predator, appearing identical to the praying mantis found on the planet Toril, only larger—much larger. It has a soft, almost translucent, green color which allows the creature to blend well with its natural surroundings, successfully hiding 45 percent of the time. Its large forearms are covered with huge bristles which trap prey in a grip difficult to escape from. For every two Hit Dice that the gargantuan praying mantis has, anyone captured must roll a Dexterity check at -1 to escape.

The creature has a tough exoskeleton which gives it a natural Armor Class of 5. However, for every two Hit Dice over two, the Armor Class improves by one; thus, this monster would have an AC of 0 at 12 Hit Dice.

Combat: This creature prefers to allow its prey to approach it, whereupon it can pounce with complete surprise. The gargantuan praying mantis clutches its quarry in its front spiny arms, inflicting the first two damages listed above. It then

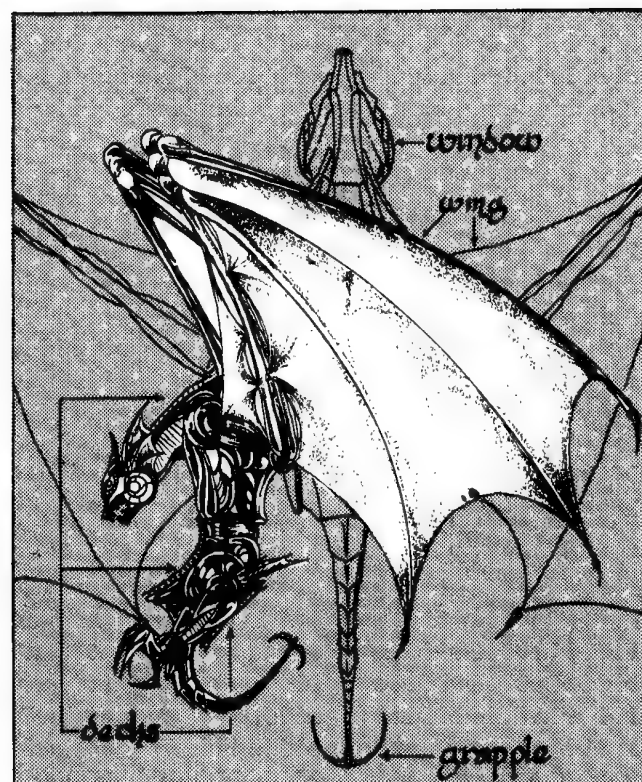
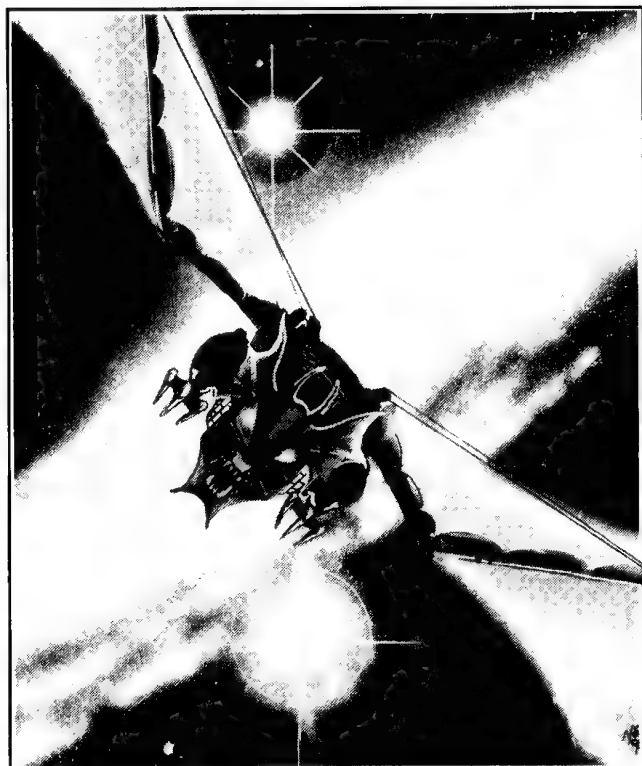
THE BATSHIP

Built By:	Unknown
Used Primarily By:	Humans
Tonnage:	45 tons
Hull Points:	45
Crew:	1/45
Maneuver Class:	Special
Landing—Land:	Yes
Landing—Water:	No
Armor Rating:	3
Saves As:	Special
Power Type:	Unique
Ship's Rating:	4
Standard Armament:	
4 Light ballistas	Crew: 1
Special Magic Attack	Crew: 0
Other Special Attacks	Crew: 0
Cargo:	23 Tons
Keel Length:	180'
Beam Length:	30'

Description: The unique *Batship* is 180 feet long from the tip of the nose to the end of its hooked tail. This ship looks like a gargantuan bat with huge crystalline teeth and a metallic hide. The body is about 30 feet wide, but the ship has a wingspan which can extend the beam length to 150 feet. It is constructed of a crystalline metal that gives it the best saving throws of metal and crystal. It looks so much like an actual creature that many believe it to be so. Many also think that the ship is actually sentient.

It has two exposed decks, one on the belly extending from the leg joints to the chest, and the second stretching from the nape of the neck to just below the "shoulder blades" on the back. There is a long ladder within an interior corridor which connects the two decks. The spelljamming helm is located in the chest area, but what is unique about this ship is that there is no known way to get there—the ship lacks any corridors to the spelljamming helm.

The ship is seen in two modes. Its normal flight mode makes the *Batship* appear as though it were almost like any other ship, flat and non-descript, with two exposed decks. The other ap-



THE BATSHIP

pearance is seen when it enters battle mode. The ship curls and attacks feet first. The decks in this mode curve to follow the body.

The gravity plane of this ship is along the longest dimension of the ship, basically from the nose through the body to the tail. This is true for both flight and battle modes. When the ship enters battle stance, the gravity plane bends with the ship. This mode change does not create the loss or shift of gravity that plagues other spelljamming ships.

The ship is painted in a flat black color which does not reflect light. The wings, made of a tough cloth, are of a somewhat lighter color. The decks are of the same color as the rest of the ship. Lights from behind the head shine onto the upper deck, while lights from the knees of the legs shine onto the lower deck.

History: The *Batship* was created by a mage who was born over ten centuries ago. His home was in a crystal sphere reportedly located where the phlogiston is so thin that it's barely visible to the eye. Traveling to it is nearly impossible. It is logical to believe that this mage-genius is now dead.

Currently at the ship's helm is a woman also said to come from the forementioned sphere. Her name is Burnayette Skyansdanya. She has been trapped within this box-helm for over 900 years. The travel from her home sphere took almost 700 of those years. See the NPC Roster in the Tears of Selune for information on Burnayette. If someone shows a bit of care and understanding to her, she tells the person that she is only waiting for "him" to show up and remove her curse. She never tells precisely who this man is, admitting only that he is the mage who created the ship.

The maneuverability and absolutely horrific design of the ship sends terror into merchants, militia, and adventurers alike. The ship's main area of activity is within the Tears of Selune, but the ship has been seen elsewhere in the sphere. An ancient tale from Krynn once spoke of a horrific bat creature from the sky causing grave and almost suicidal destruction, so the possibility that this ship passed through Krynnspace seems very likely.

Crew: The *Batship's* complexity is designed to allow for very small crews. In fact, aside from the person in the helm, there is no need for additional crew members at all. The helmsman controls all functions of the ship except for the external ballista weapons. The helm is located high in the chest of the ship where security and the structural integrity is the highest. This is also the hardest part of the ship to hit, which gives that area an attack die modifier of -4.

The other crew members that are needed are repair personnel, who can mend the tears in the wings and perform standard maintenance elsewhere. Currently the batship has one helmsman and 12 crew members. These 12 are all human pirates, eight of whom are women. In the past, crews have included elves and other races.

Helm Control: The helm on this ship is like no other. It is actually a large obsidian cube which magically feeds and waters the trapped mage inside. The helmsman, once inside the box, is suspended by levitation. As in other helms, the whole ship is sensed, every part of the ship becoming an extension of the character's body, and the bodily senses disappear. Pain can be felt whenever the ship is attacked, but that is the only sensation that ever occurs. The mage, for unknown reasons, is not susceptible to spelljammer shock.

The character sees out of the eyes of the batship, while having the sensation of breathing through the ship's mouth. When the helmsman moves her arms, the wings move. When the feet are moved, the limbs of the ship move as well. To turn the ship around, the mage helmsman merely needs to turn around. Every motion that the character performs, the helmbox immediately translates it into a corresponding motion by the *Batship*.

The helmsman is able to speak to the crew whenever desired. The speech seems to radiate from the articulative mouth of the ship so well that a person adept at lip reading could understand the words said if within sight. Another aspect of the ship is that it is impossible to surprise it. The ship's helm has a magical feature which detects other ships within 10,000 yards, or over five miles.

Combat: The *Batship* has a quasi-magical breath weapon. When the mage within the helm decides to “spit” at a targeted ship, a globular mass of semi liquid “canned heat”-like substance spews from the mouth and lands on the enemy ship. An attack roll is needed for this ability. This clear plasm has a slight acidic quality which eats through metal at a rate of one hull point per round. This substance is also highly flammable as well. If the substance is exposed to an open flame of any nature, it immediately erupts into a 17-die *fireball*. This ability can be used once every four hours. Up to three uses can be stored up and used all at once.

The ship also has a bite attack which inflicts 1d4 hull points or 4d10 points of damage to an individual. On a natural 20 attack roll, the *Batship*’s bite attack causes the opposing helmsman to succumb to spelljammer shock (See the Critical Hit Chart in the SPELLJAMMER™ boxed set). Each round, the claws can rake for 1d2 hull points or 2d10 points of damage to an individual.

The tail can be used as a grappling hook if the helmsman so wishes. The mage can swing the tail out toward the enemy ship and have the hooks at the end catch the ship as it tries to escape. This hook is also used to take derelict and captured ships in tow to the pirate base.

Maneuvering: The ability of this craft to maneuver is directly related to the helmsman’s Dexterity score. The chart below gives the maneuvering class relative to the Dexterity of the mage.

Dexterity	Maneuver Class
01-04	F
05-08	E
09-12	D
13-16	C
17-18	B
19+	A

The maneuvering is facilitated by the motion of the wings and the tail. The wings do not flap, but are used as rudders and pivot points as though they were in water.

Special Defenses: The cloth wings of the ship are magical, having the same properties as a *cloak of reflection*. The cloth confers a limited spell immunity upon the ship and its crew. The following spells and spell-like functions—and only the following spells—are directed back at the caster/wielder as follows:

magic missile: reflected back at full strength with no saving throw.

shocking grasp: effects nullified.

irritation: reflected back, saving throw applicable.

ray of enfeeblement: reflected back, saving throw applicable

all *hold* spells: distorted and reflected back as *slow* spells. Saving throw is applicable.

any *polymorph* spell: reflected back at caster, who must save vs.spell at +2. A system shock is required, and the intended form is received if save fails.

feeblemind: reflected back at the caster, who must save vs. spell at +2.

entangle: rendered completely useless; not reflected back at caster.

any helm altering or damaging spell: reflected back to the caster’s ship, having normal effect without saving throw.

Curse 1: This ship might seem to be one of the most awesome ships in wildspace, but it does have its downfalls. Once the helmbox is entered, there is no way out, and the current helmsman has been there for centuries. No one can take her place.

Curse 2: Whenever this ship is boarded by anyone not a current crew member, and there is an opening, the character must save vs. spell with every step he takes. Once the saving throw is missed, the character becomes *charmed* and becomes one of the crew. If the character is removed from the ship and a *remove curse* is cast on him, the charming effect of the ship is nullified. This curse is how the ship gained its original crew centuries ago, and this is how it still gains crew members today.

Curse 3: If a character really wants to become the helmsman of the *Batship*, a *wish* is the

THE BATSHIP

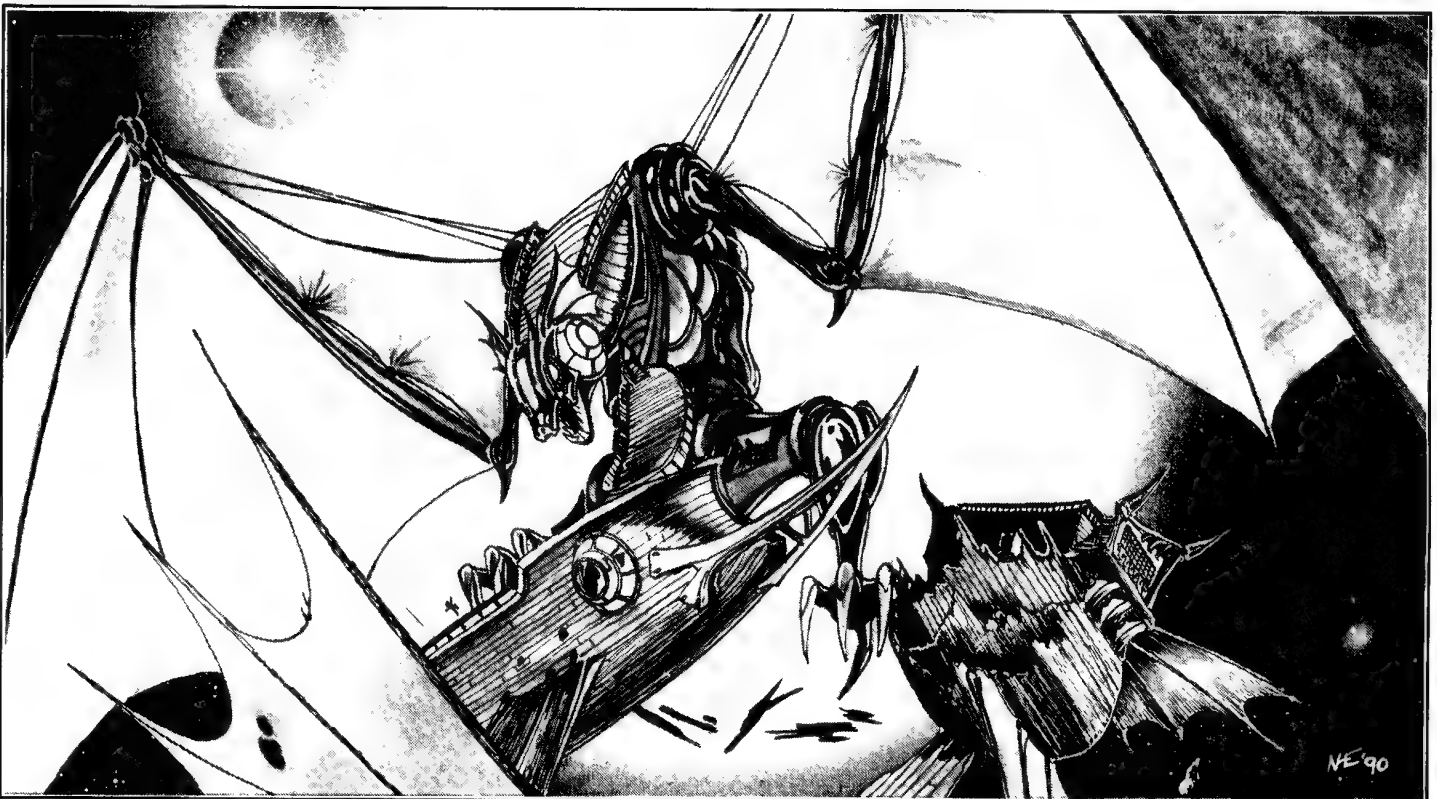
only way. Since the current helmsman remains helmsman until she dies, and she never dies while helmsman, there is no other way to take over the post. If a person *wishes* himself into the *Batship's* helmbox while there is an occupant, he is transported into a box identical to the *Batship's*, but without a ship attached to it. This box is somewhere where the phlogiston flows. It has all the life-preserving properties of the *Batship's* as well as all the curses.

If the character first *wishes* the current helmsman out of the box, and then *wishes* himself into the box, he becomes the new *Batship* helmsman. The only way out is to have someone else *wish* one out of it. There is a permanent loss of one-half the mage's levels once he is *wished* out of the box. The levels can be regained only by normal means.

Curse 4: The helmsman can never die. In fact, the helmbox never allows its inhabitant to commit any act that would needlessly put him in

jeopardy. This may not seem like a curse, but it is. For the rest of one's existence, one's senses are limited to hearing, speech, sight, and pain. There is no way to feel anything else, not even by a *wish*. The helmsman can move about in the helmbox as desired, but there still is no sensation of feeling, except the sensation of movement or of the ship's teeth and claws sinking into an enemy ship. This has a maddening effect on most sentient creatures, especially humans. This is why the current helmsman, Burnayette, is quite insane.

DM Note: This ship is not intended to get into the hands of player characters. Its main purpose is to be a pain in the neck, and a constant worry for the characters every time they go into the space surrounding Selune and the Tears. If the DM allows the characters to get this ship, the fun and dangers of wildspace and the phlogiston disappear forever.



Built By: Wa
Used Primarily By: Wa
Tonnage: 1,500 pounds
Hull Points: 1 (8 Hp)
Crew: 2/3
Maneuvering Class: A
Landing—Land: Yes
Landing—Water: Yes
Armor Rating: 4
Saves As: Light wood
Power Type: Special
Ship's Rating: 6
Standard Armament:
 1 Light ballista Crew 1
 or 1 Light catapult Crew 1
Cargo: 750 pounds of Greek fire or other ammunition
Keel Length: 14'
Beam Length: 4'

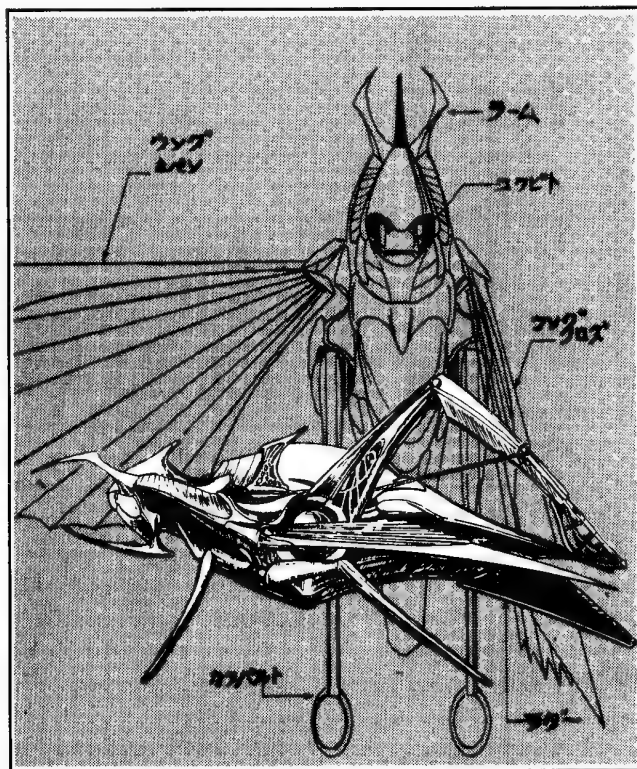
Description: This ship looks like a locust made of balsa wood. It is very light and maneuverable but easily destroyed. This small craft has enough room for two crew members and 750 pounds of cargo or one passenger. These craft are so fast and maneuverable that they are very hard to hit, but once they are hit, they are usually completely destroyed.

This gives the impression that these craft are nothing more than suicide machines, which they very well may be. The ship requires one member to man the *rudder of propulsion* while the other works the armament.

Crew: The helmsman sits in the aft section of the locust while the gunner sits in the front. The cargo, which usually is ballista shot or rocks for the catapult, lies in the midsection of the craft.

The weapon usually uses the legs and antennae as supports. When a natural attack roll of 1 is rolled, the weapon breaks off the ship, splitting the ships in half. Normally this kills the helmsman, because the front of the ship impales him.

If a locust is carrying Greek fire, there is only the pilot on board. Such a locust rams the en-



emy ship, exploding on impact for 6d10 points of damage to crews within a 20' radius, and 3d4 hull points of damage to the enemy craft. No saving throw is allowed.

Helm Control: These craft are too small to be retro-fitted with spelljamming equipment of any kind. This required the designers to come up with something to propel this ultra-light ship. A wu jen of Wa, with the help of a mage from Cormyr, created an item that moves these craft, the *rudder of propulsion*. The item is explained in full in the New Magic Items section of this book.

Ship Uses: These craft are held within the cargo hatches of the huge ships called the tsunami. When an enemy is sighted by the tsunami crew, these ships are sent out to weaken or even completely destroy the ship, while the tsunami lies back, lobbing its own attacks from a safe distance.

THE TSUNAMI

Built By:	Wa
Used Primarily By:	Wa
Tonnage:	200 tons
Hull Points:	200
Crew:	75/200
Maneuvering Class:	C
Landing—Land:	Yes
Landing—Water:	No
Armor Rating:	2
Saves As:	Metal
Power Type:	Ki-helm
Ship's Rating:	Special
Standard Armament:	
3 Medium jettisons	Crew: 3 each
6 Bombards	Crew: 3 each
12 Heavy ballistas	Crew: 4 each
10 Heavy catapults	Crew: 5 each
Cargo:	100 Tons
Keel Length:	950'
Beam Length:	70'

Description: These monstrous ships are the largest known craft in the Toril crystal sphere, except when the *Spelljammer* itself passes through. The craft looks like a giant centipede, winding as it changes heading, like the insect it was designed after. It is said that seeing the tsunami turning in space is one of the most beautiful things to witness, but seeing it turning against you is the most terrifying.

Above each leg, there are several hatches which allow locust ships to fly out when an enemy approaches. These hatches have slide-away doors which protect the inside of the ship. There are open decks on every other segment of the ship's body where the weaponry juts through. At the tail end of the ship are two long appendages which are used to take a derelict ship in tow.

When seen on the ground, these ships mostly are non-moving. They do have the ability to "walk", using their forty-odd legs. This ability is used only when the ship is grounded and subject to attack from the air. The ship then "walks" into protective bunkers or large cavernous underground hangars for safety. The Wa society is very secretive of its ships, so the inside of one of

these bunkers has never been seen by anyone except the most trusted members of its navy.

On the decks, there are several *continual light* spells cast onto various poles and other protrusions which completely light up the ship. This has a dual purpose. First, it is used as a scare tactic for their enemies, so they can see exactly what is coming toward them.

Secondly, the light is needed by the several dozen gardens that are planted in various locations along the ship. These gardens are used to further maximize the amount of time these ships are able to stay in space, should they ever need to.

History: This craft was designed and built by the government of Wa within the last decade to increase its stature and maximize its presence in the militaristic theater. When Wa became aware of the Shou Lung presence in space, they became fearful that their continuation as a governmental faction on Toril might soon be over. They sent waves of spies to the Shou Lung lands to steal any secrets regarding space travel. It was during these espionage raids that they became aware of the elven nations' being in space as well.

Paranoia of elves raiding and overthrowing them with the help of the already huge Shou Lung nation forced Wa to create their own ships. In the next years, they lost most of their ships to the elven armadas. These Wa-made ships were salvaged by the elves for their helms and then scrapped. Many of these stolen helms now power the elves' flitters.

In order to assure that the elves would no longer steal their helms, the shukenjas and wu jens of Wa got together and developed the ki-helm. This wonderful piece of machinery works off the inner strength of the oriental character. Since the elves do not possess this oriental ability, these new helms became useless to them.

After fighting the elven armadas and the mano-wars, the Wa government had to create a ship that would have the possibility of defeating them. Using the same carrier style of the armada, Wa created the tsunami; to match the flitter, the locust was created. Soon after the first

tsunami was created, construction on the second began. It was during this time that the first tsunami engaged in battle with an armada. The battle lasted nearly a day, with the tsunami and its locusts rising to victory. Since that time, Wa has created a total of six tsunami. Every one of them is still in working condition, and none have ever received a debilitating blow.

Crew: There is room and air on this craft for 200 crew members to live for up to 10 months, but the number of crew members increases to nearly double during time of war. A total of 125 people are required to run all the weaponry on the tsunami, 100 are needed to man the locusts in the cargo bays, and up to eight are needed for the ki-helm which propels the craft.

There is a finely tuned hierarchy of leadership here, which all crew members follow strictly. Any dissension is dealt with harshly, usually ending with death or a suicide mission. Luckily, there has been no dissension in the ranks to date, because there is good rapport between the admiralty and the lower ranks. Everyone is treated with respect, and respect is always returned. Mutinous activities have never occurred on the tsunami. One's career aboard this ship is surrounded with honor and prestige, the very nerve center of the Wa culture.

There is one admiral and three captains. The captains are in control of weaponry, boarding crews, and the assault teams. Weaponry crews are those who man all the on-board weapons on the tsunami. The boarding crews are those who assault an enemy ship when they are grappled together. The assault teams are the locust crew members.

There are six tsunamis in existence, but there are only two in space at anyone time, unless the Wa officials fear war. In this case, there may be as many as five in space at once.

Helm Control: The ki-helm used to propel the tsunami can be manned by up to eight persons. This, aside from the admiral or the captain positions, is the most honorable and prestigious position that a citizen of Wa can undertake in the navy. Here, in the depths of the ship, lies a large

circle with the yin-yang symbol within it. In the middle of this circle, a crystalline octagon is used to absorb the ki powers of those that sit at the helm.

Around the crystal are eight circles engraved into the onyx material of the helm. In these circles sit the ki-endowed helmsmen. Together, these people concentrate their inner strength, while a ninth, sitting on the crystalline octagon, focuses this power into movement and maneuverability. Without this focal person, the power of the ki is wasted and the ship lies idle and useless.

This room is shielded from the rest of the ship by highly decorative iron. For every 20 points of ki power these helmsmen put into the helm, the ship's SR increases by one. A minimum ki strength of 10 is needed to even get the ship to an SR of one. Anything below that renders the ship derelict and unmoving. The chart below shows the number of ki points any given oriental class at any level can expend into the ki-helm. Please remember that some of the fore mentioned character classes have level limits. These limitations should be adhered to when manning this ship against PCs.

Class	Ki Points Possessed
Barbarian	None
Bushi	1 point only
Kensai	1 point at 1st level 2 points at 2nd level 2 points per level thereafter
Monk	5 points per level
Ninja	3 points per level
Samurai	1 point per 2 levels
Shukenja	2 points only
Sohei	0 point at levels 1-2 1 point at levels 3-4 2 points at levels 5+
Wu Jen	1 point at levels 1-3 2 points at levels 4+
Yakuza	1 point per level

A character who spends one day on the ki-helm must rest for one full day without using his ki, or his contribution to the total ki strength of the helm is cut in half. This penalty continues

until the required resting period is met. The government, realizing this, does not push its helmsmen unless the need is extremely urgent.

An oriental character can man a helm for 12 hours, or for a number of hours equal to the character's total ki strength, whichever is smaller. After this time, one's ki power is completely exhausted.

Maneuvering: As the ship turns, changing course in space, the body snakes silently behind it. Between each segment of the tsunami's body are stretchable sections of the deck which allow the segments to safely pull apart to give the ship its snake-like motion. These sections easily come back together when necessary. These sections are so well designed, that they do not squeak or cause friction. This explains the ship's relatively good maneuverability class.

Special Defenses: The tsunami has two 70-foot long antennae at the head of the ship. These two protrusions are magical items which sense ships within a 20-hex range, or 10,000 yards. The two magical items work together to triangulate a ship's exact location.

Distance to a ship cannot be known, but its exact spherical location relative to the tsunami can always be determined. This item shows the locations of any objects greater than eight feet in length.

In conjunction with these antennae, there is a helmet which the admiral wears. This helmet receives the information from the antennae. This allows the information gained to be utilized. Without the helmet, the antennae are useless. The helmet must be worn by someone in direct contact with the ship for the information to be received.

Attack Mode: When the tsunami engages in combat with another ship, it sends out a "plague of locusts" equal in number to the tonnage of the opposing ship. While these tiny ships weaken the enemy, the tsunami waits as its crew readies all its weapons for battle. After a pep talk from the admiral, the tsunami goes in for the attack.

The tsunami comes upon its opponent in a beautiful swooping turn. When in range, a tsunami is known to completely circumnavigate an enemy ship in a corkscrew flying pattern so that every weapon has a chance to come to bear. This tactic is used to spread any damage received over a larger area as well. The orientals do not want to have one section of the ship become exceedingly damaged, or this might limit the ship's landing capabilities. When the fight has turned for the better, the tsunami gets in close enough that its boarding crews can jump to the opposing ship and assault it. These teams can be as large as 50 men. When the opposing ship is secured, the enemy helmsman and captain are always killed and thrown into the womb of space so that the wildspace always remembers and honors them.

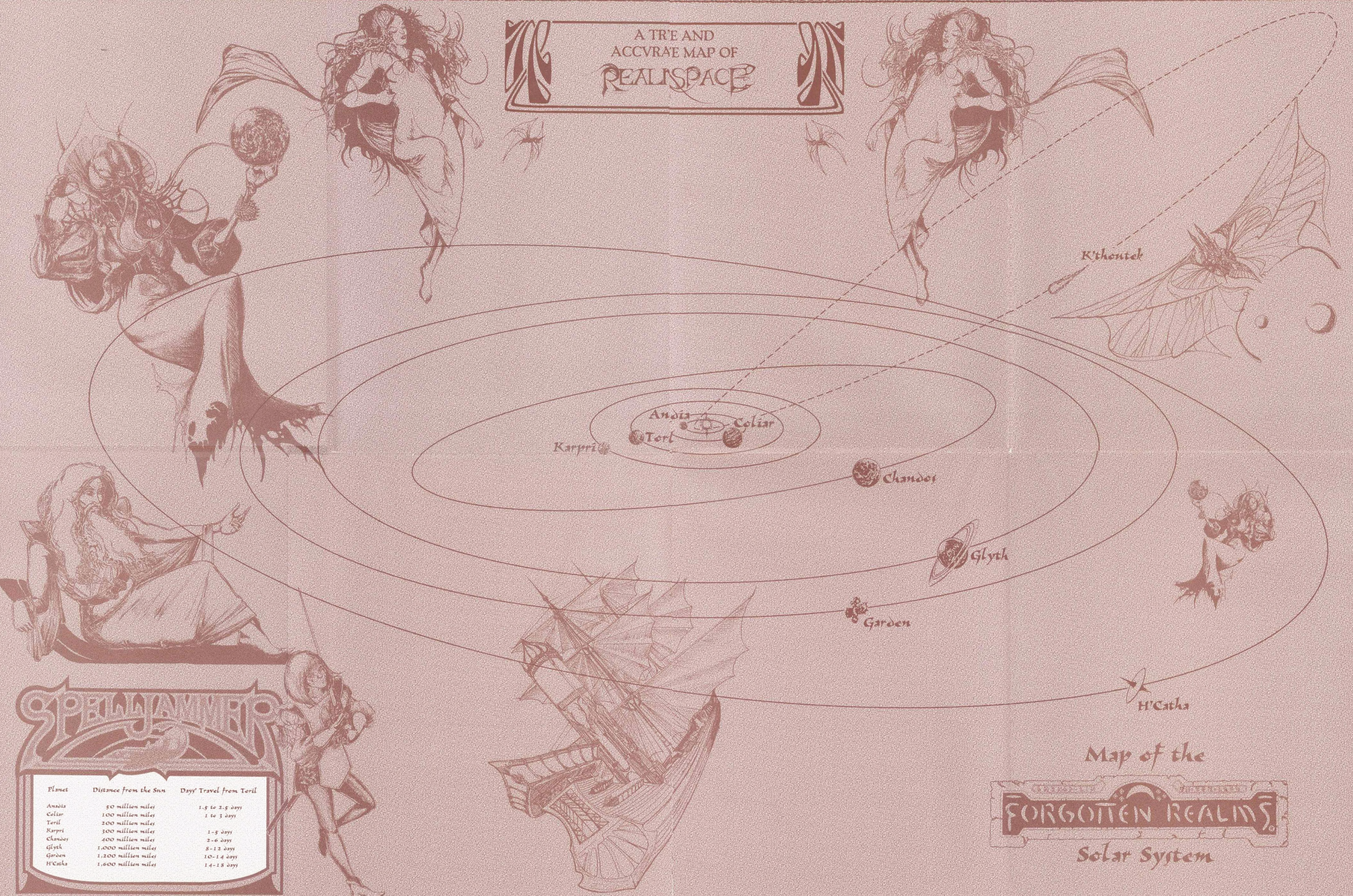
Another favorite tactic is to get so close that the gravity plane of the tsunami overrides the gravity plane of the opposing ship. This attack is called shearing. Anything not nailed down flies from the enemy's ship to the plane of gravity of the tsunami. This also stops the opposing ship's ability to fire on the tsunami.

Tsunami ships are usually manned by a 20th-level or higher samurai in the admiral position. His three captains are 15th-level kensai or yakuza. The helms are manned by monks, ninjas, yakuza, and kensai of 3rd and higher levels. In this way, the ship has an SR greater than 2 at all times.

As with the locusts above, please note that this ship is not intended to get into the hands of PCs. Its main purpose is to be a pain in the neck, and a constant worry for the characters every time they go into the space surrounding Toril. If the DM allows the characters to get this ship, the fun and dangers of wildspace and the phlogiston quickly disappear.

On the off chance that the DM does allow PCs to have this machine, they can expect an attack from every other tsunami that the Wa government owns.

A TRE AND
ACCVRAE MAP OF
REALSPACE



SPELLJAMMER

Planet	Distance from the Sun	Days' Travel from Toril
Andia	50 million miles	1.5 to 2.5 days
Coliar	100 million miles	1 to 3 days
Toril	200 million miles	
Karpri	300 million miles	1-5 days
Chandos	400 million miles	2-6 days
Glyth	1,000 million miles	8-12 days
Garden	1,200 million miles	10-14 days
H'Catha	1,600 million miles	14-18 days

Map of the
FORGOTTEN REALMS
Solar System

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REALMSPACE

by Dale "Slade" Henson

Toril: that blue-green orb on which live Elminster, Lhaeo, and the Harpers, to name but a few. The planet so many adventurers call "home." To many, it seems to be the center of the universe.

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